

SEPTEMBER

1875

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



No. 9

T.S. ARTHUR & SON
PHILADELPHIA.

VOL. III

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' COSTUME. For Description see next Page.

LADIES' COSTUME.

(For Illustration see First Page)

Since the introduction of batistes, probably no other goods have been so popular for cool costumes. The fabric possesses all the brightness and nearly the same transparency as lawn or organdie, and being in buff or écarl colors or in stripes of white and color, does not need so frequent laundrying as the goods just mentioned. The variety represented is a gray-and-white stripe—the thicker line being of the dark color.

The skirt is made of plain batiste, and was cut by pattern No. 3587, price 30 cents. It has a front gore, two side gores and a full back breadth, gathered at the top and held in position midway to the bottom by tapes underneath. The picture fully delineates the arrangement of the trimmings, which are formed of the material. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, twenty-seven inches wide, will be required.

The over-skirt is a very pretty model for the goods represented, as well as for other materials. The apron is draped very high at the side-back by up-

ward-turning plaits, which terminate beneath the long draped sashes forming the back. The label gives directions for sashes to be tied in a knot, but the method here illustrated is in quite as good taste. The pattern used in cutting the over-skirt, is No. 3417, price 25 cents. It is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and requires 4 yards of material, 27 inches wide, to make the garment for a lady of medium size.

The fichu worn with the over-skirt is made of the same material, and was cut by pattern No. 2846, price 20 cents. Both it and the over-skirt are decorated with a pretty lace especially adapted to the goods. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide material to make the garment for a lady of medium size.

To complete the costume, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of the skirt material will be required for the plain waist worn beneath the fichu. It is cut by pattern No. 3577, price 10 cents, which is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.



4018

Front View.

4018

Back View.

MISSES' GABRIELLE OVER-DRESS.

No. 4018.—The over-dress here pictured is very fashionable, and can be made of any dress material; $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, being required for

a miss of 13 years. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents.



4004

Front View.

4004

Back View.

MISSSES' FICHU WRAP.

No. 4004.—The pretty little pattern illustrated, is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and can be used for any suit material. Of any goods, 27 inches wide, 2 yards will be necessary to make the garment for a miss of 13 years. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



4010

Front View.

4010

Back View.

LADIES' POLONAISE, OPEN AT THE BACK.

No. 4010.—The novel and stylish pattern above illustrated, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size 5½ yards of

goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is very handsome for silk, or cashmere, with velvet or silk sleeves and trimmings, to be worn over a silk skirt.



4022

Front View.

GIRLS' SHOULDER CAPE.

No. 4022.—This little garment is one of the season's favorites in wraps. To make it for a girl of 7 years, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents.



4022

Back View.

4014

Front View.

4014

Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE, WITH PLAITED BACK.

No. 4014.—To make this garment for a lady of medium size, 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of silk, will be required. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. The cuffs, and the plaited strip over the back, can be of another shade of the material, or of silk or velvet, with corded edges. The buttons should correspond.



4002

Front View.

4002

Back View.

LADIES' LOOSE BASQUE.

No. 4002.—The pattern to this comfortable garment, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. For house wear in the morning, this is quite a pretty style, and it can be made of any material the taste suggests, and decorated to harmonize.



3991

Front View.

LADIES' POINTED BASQUE.

No. 3991.—The pattern to this stylish garment is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary.



3991

Back View.

4027

Front View.

4027

Back View.

GIRLS' BASQUE, OPEN AT THE BACK.

No. 4027.—The pattern to the little basque here illustrated, is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a girl 6 years old $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary.



4015

Front View.

4015

Back View.

BOYS' BLOUSE.

No. 4015.—To make this blouse for a boy of 7 years, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age, and costs 25 cents.



4005

Front View.

LADIES' BASQUE, OPEN AT THE BACK.

No. 4005.—The garment represented is one of the latest caprices. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



4005

Back View.



4029

Front View.

GIRLS' SKIRT, WITH OVER-SKIRT ATTACHED.

No. 4029.—This engraving represents a novel and convenient method of combining two necessary garments in one pattern. To make the skirts for a girl of 6 years, 4 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents.



4029

Back View.

4017

Front View.

4017

Back View.

4007

Front View.

4007

Back View.

BOYS' SINGLE-BREASTED SACK OVER-COAT.

No. 4017.—In cutting the snug fitting garment illustrated, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required for a lad of 9 years. The pattern is in 9 sizes for boys from 4 to 12 years of age, and costs 25 cents.

BOYS' SUIT.

No. 4007.—This little suit is charming for a young boy. To make it for a lad of 4 years, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 5 sizes for boys from 2 to 6 years of age. Price, 25 cents.



3989

Front View.

LADIES' CUT-AWAY SACK, WITH HALF-FITTING BACK.

No. 3989.—To make the charming garment here illustrated, for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents.

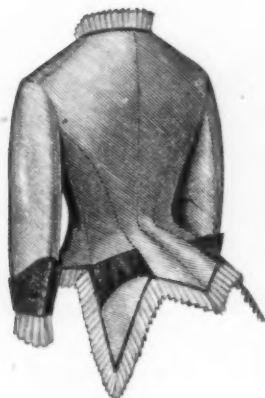


3989

Back View.



4013
Front View.



4013
Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 4013.—The pattern to this neat and fashionable basque, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The style is suitable for any material from grenadine to velvet, and can be trimmed to suit the taste. It is also pretty for two shades of the same goods.



4001
Front View.



4001
Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4001.—This garment can be made of any goods, now fashionable, and of material, 27 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required, to make it for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents. This skirt would be pretty with facings and trimmings of velvet, and completed with a silk skirt with velvet decorations.



4006

Front View.

4006

Back View.

4003

BOYS' OVER-COAT, WITH DIAGONAL FRONT.

No. 4006.—The pattern illustrated by these engravings is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. Of any material 27 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards will be required to make the coat for a boy of 7 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

GIRLS' APRON.

No. 4003.—To make the pretty and useful little garment illustrated, one yard of material, 27 inches wide, will be required for a girl of 5 years. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. Price, 15 cents.



4034

Front View.

MISSES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4034.—The pattern to this pretty little skirt, is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the garment for a miss of 13 years, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. A merino skirt cut in points, bound with velvet and underlaid with a ruffle of thin muslin, would be pretty for party wear.



4034

Back View.

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A PORTRAIT.

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XLIII.

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No. 9.

History, Biography and General Literature.



BRESCIA.

THE traveller in Italy should not fail to visit Brescia, a city of Lombardy, situated on the River Garza, and upon the line of railway from Milan to Venice. Though it is an ancient city and bears about it the evidences of its age, it has still kept pace with modern times, and is now beautiful and flourishing; the remains of its early existence only serving to excite the interest and curiosity of the traveller.

The city is surrounded by ramparts, once strongly fortified; but now the fortifications are dilapidated and dismantled. These surrounding walls have five gates, through which pass the thoroughfares leading to different adjacent cities.

There is here an old cathedral, built in the seventh century, and called the *Duomo Vecchio*. In it are still retained some ancient tombs and paintings, the latter of little value, save as objects of curiosity to the art student.

The new cathedral, or *Duomo Nuovo*, was completed in 1825. The size of the dome is next to that of the cathedral at Florence. It is built entirely of white marble, and is a most imposing edifice, towering above all the surrounding buildings. In front of the cathedral is a fountain, with an allegorical statue of the city.

The *Duomo Vecchio* is not the only ancient religious edifice which the city contains. There are several churches dating back to a very remote



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period, which have been repeatedly renovated, and are now in a good state of preservation. In these churches are found some very valuable paintings, by Titian, Paul Veronese, Moretto, and other famous Italian painters. A temple dedicated to Saturn formerly occupied the site of the church of St. Afra.

In 1820, excavations brought to light a fine temple of white marble, with Corinthian columns, and with most remarkable architecture, which was built in honor of Hercules, in the year 72. The masonry is magnificent, and many portions of the temple are still perfect. About the same time a bronze statue of victory was discovered. A vast number of relics, such as Roman inscriptions, fragments of architecture and ancient manuscripts, have been preserved in a museum fitted out within the walls of this ancient temple.

There are two towers in the city, the *Torre del Orologia* and the *Torre del Palata*. The former shows the course of the sun and moon on a large dial, and the hours are struck by two men of metal.

A library founded by Cardinal Quirini, in 1750, contains thirty thousand volumes, including valuable ancient manuscripts. One of the most interesting relics is a copy of the Gospels, in gold and silver, produced in the ninth century.

The building now used for public offices and prisons was formerly a palace, commenced in the eleventh century and completed in the twelfth. It is of brick, and of a peculiar style of architecture. It contained many interesting historical objects, and some excellent paintings, previous to the invasion of the French.

The *Museo Civico*, or public museum, is crowded with works of art. Among them is a celebrated picture by Raphael, representing our Saviour crowned with thorns. This museum was founded by Count Torsi.

Brescia took the oath of fidelity to Venice in 1421. It was captured by the French during the league of Cambray, and was shortly afterward retaken by storm in 1512. Since that period it has shared the vicissitudes of the various Italian cities, suffering especially during the revolution of 1849.

ALEXANDRIA, ANCIENT AND MODERN. POMPEY'S PILLAR.

BY C.

THE ancient city of Alexandria was founded three hundred and thirty years before Christ, and was at one time the most splendid city in the world. It was named from its founder, Alexander the Great, and was the centre of science and commerce. It rose to great eminence as a seat of learning, and became not more famous for the extent of its commerce and wealth than for its literature and philosophy. The circumference of the city was fifteen miles, and one-fourth of the entire area was covered with temples, palaces and public buildings. The city lost but little of its splendor even after its subjection to the Roman empire; it was then next to Rome, and first in its trade with India. For nearly a thousand years, Alexandria controlled

the trade with India; but when the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope was made, the city began to decline, and at last from a population of six hundred thousand it was reduced to six thousand. Its library of seven hundred thousand volumes surpassed any other ancient library. The four hundred thousand volumes which were in the library of the Museum were accidentally destroyed by fire in the war with Julius Cesar, and the three hundred thousand in the Temple of Serapis were destroyed by command of the Calif Omar some time in A. D. 640. The ancient city of Alexandria was on the main land, where its ruins cover a vast extent of country. The most interesting remains now are the catacombs at the Necropolis, Cleopatra's Needles and Pompey's Pillar.

The modern city is built on a peninsula, which anciently was the Island of Pharos, and on the isthmus connecting it with the main land; it is the first seaport of Egypt, and is near the west branch of the Nile, on the Mediterranean. It is not only the first seaport of Egypt, but the chief seaport and naval station of Europe. It is nominally subject to the Sultan, but is governed by Mohammed Ali, who rules with despotic sway. He has established school and colleges, and is introducing the arts, learning and civilization of European nations, and in the new streets and squares it has the aspect of a European city, but the Turkish quarter is irregular and dirty. In the French part are many good streets, and they have a fine square outside of the city. Fine country houses line a part of the ancient canal, where the consuls of foreign nations mostly reside. The city has many handsome public buildings. A castle, called Farillon, serves as a landmark to sailors, and replaces the famous Pharos of antiquity. Alexandria is an important station in the overland route to India. The railroad, which has been constructed to Cairo, contributes to the prosperity of both cities. It has regular steam communication with nearly all the different civilized ports on the globe.

In visiting Alexandria, Pompey's Pillar first engages the attention of travellers, it is situated nearly a mile from the southern gate. It is of marble, or red granite, and is sixty feet in circumference, and rests on two layers of stone bound together with lead. The column is one hundred and fourteen feet high. It is well polished, and only a little injured on the eastern side. When seen from a distance, nothing can surpass the majesty of this monument, it overtops the town, and serves as a signal for vessels. One can never be tired of admiring its beauty. Eight men once ascended to the top of Pompey's Pillar. A kite was flown over it, the string of which lodged on its top when it fell on the other side; then a rope was fastened to the string and drawn over the pillar, by which the men ascended. The discovery that they made was of some value; but for their evidence, people would not have known that there was formerly a statue on this pillar, one foot and ankle of which still remain. The statue must have been of a gigantic size to have appeared of a man's proportions at so great a height.

CATHERINE OF ARRAGON.

BY E. CHARDON.

THERE is scarcely a character in English history around which more of interest clusters than Catherine of Arragon, the first wife of Henry VIII. And the one who gives his attention to this lady's unhappy story, yields her all the more of his sympathy, inasmuch as her misfortunes did not come upon her through any fault or indiscretion of her own. Her name stands

youthful couple were exceedingly popular, he winning grace by his sweetness of temper and proficiency of learning, and she by her beauty, modesty and accomplishments. They were assigned a separate residence, where they kept a miniature court. But in four months after his marriage the boyish bridegroom suddenly died, and Catherine was left a widow while yet barely fifteen.

After various negotiations, in which Henry VII. managed to make a good bargain with the Spanish



pure and untarnished beside that of her profligate husband.

Catherine was the fourth daughter of Ferdinand of Arragon and Isabella of Castile, whose names are inseparably linked with that of Columbus, the discoverer of America. In her fifteenth year she was brought to England, to be united in marriage with Arthur, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VII. Her youthful husband was but a boy of fourteen, and some months younger than herself. Their marriage was celebrated at St. Paul's Cathedral, amid the greatest pomp and ceremonies, banquets and rejoicings of the populace. The

monarch, Catherine was promised in marriage to Henry, her brother-in-law, now heir apparent to the throne. Henry was much younger than herself; and as the marriage could not be solemnized until he had completed his fourteenth year, she was retained during the years of waiting as a hostage of the good faith of Spain. A few years afterward Henry reached that age, when his first act was to enter a protest in due form, "that he had neither done, nor meant to do anything which could render the contract made during his nonage binding in law." This his father, the king, explained to mean that it was only to free his son

of all previous obligation, that the contemplated marriage might be entered into with their own free will and accord. But historians seem to think that its real object was, by making the marriage seem uncertain, to force the Spanish king to submit to the pleasure of the English king in certain projects which he had in view.

It was not until Catherine had been seven years a widow, and was herself twenty-five years of age, and Henry nearly eighteen, that they were married. Henry VII. had meantime died, and Catherine's husband was now king, styled Henry VIII. Their coronation immediately followed their marriage.

Both the king and queen were great favorites with their subjects, and for several years the king boasted of his happiness in possessing so amiable a consort. She bore him three sons and two daughters, all of whom died in infancy, except Mary, who afterward ascended the throne. But his wife being so much older than himself, and subject to infirmities of health which possibly decreased her attractiveness, he began after a time to tire of her. He was also disappointed that there was no male heir to the throne.

In 1522, thirteen years after the royal marriage, Anne Boleyn, a young and beautiful woman, daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, who had been a maid of honor to Queen Claude of France, was admitted into the household of Catherine in a similar capacity. Says Lingard: "Her French education gave her a superiority over her companions; she played, and danced, and sang with more grace than any other lady at court; and the gayety of her conversation, with the vivacity of her disposition, attracted a crowd of admirers."

King Henry speedily became one of these. But Anne was as discreet as she was fair. She could not be his wife, and she would not be his mistress. Months and years rolled by, and still found the maiden obdurate. Then Henry began to consider whether it was not possible to annul his former marriage. He pretended to be suddenly seized with scruples about the propriety of his marriage with Catherine, since she had been the widow of his brother. He applied to Pope Clement for a divorce, or for a decree which should annul his marriage; but the pope persistently refused to grant either decree or divorce.

Catherine protested against the course of her royal husband with all the dignity becoming a queen and the daughter of a king. She had explained to her the objections which Henry urged against the validity of the marriage, and was exhorted to enter a convent. But she replied that it was not for herself that she was concerned, but for one whose interests were more dear than her own; that the presumptive heir to the crown was her daughter Mary, whose right should never be prejudiced by the voluntary act of her mother.

Finally, in 1533, King Henry, finding his appeals to the pope all in vain, took upon himself the responsibility to declare his former marriage null and void, and contract a marriage with Anne. This marriage was privately performed, knowing, as the king so well did, that it would bring a storm upon his head when it should become known.

Parliament afterward, by the direction of Henry, recognized the marriage, while Cranmer officially declared that Henry and Anne were and had been joined in lawful matrimony.

Queen Catherine was already banished from the court, and forbidden to assume royal titles; but the latter injunction she openly disregarded, and persisted in styling herself queen, and her daughter princess, until the day of her death. She was separated from her daughter, whom she was forbidden to see even upon her death-bed.

But if Queen Catherine suffered gross wrong and injustice, she was amply avenged in the course of time. She died on January 8, 1536, and in less than four months she was followed to the grave by her successful rival. But their end was very different. The divorced queen died peaceably in her bed, while Anne Boleyn was beheaded upon the scaffold, having been devoted to such a fate probably for the three-fold reason that she gave no male heir to the throne, that she had aroused the jealousy of her royal husband, and that, furthermore, he was already ensnared by a fairer face.

Catherine's daughter eventually succeeded to her father's throne; and, strange to say, she was succeeded in turn by the daughter of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn—Elizabeth.

Ludovico Falier, a Venetian ambassador to the English court during the reign of Henry VIII., gives the following personal description of Catherine: "My lady the queen is low of stature, inclining to corpulency. A handsome woman, of great repute, upright, and full of goodness and devotion. She speaks Spanish, Flemish, French and English. She is beloved by the Islanders far more than any queen they have had. She is forty-five years old, thirty of which have passed since the death of her first husband."

PREPARING FOR MARRIAGE.

BY MARY W. CABELL.

[NOTE.—The following conversation, held between Mrs. Cameron, a middle-aged lady, her son Gordon, a sage of twenty-five, and her two nieces, aged respectively thirteen and fifteen, was taken down short-hand by the invisible and ubiquitous reporter of authors, and it is hoped may prove interesting to the readers.]

MRS. CAMERON (to her nieces).—Well, Kate, you and Annie are quite late this evening. I began to think we would be disappointed in having you to tea with us.

KATE.—We stopped, on our way, to see one of our schoolmates, Lilly Barnwell, intending to stay only fifteen minutes; but she carried us up-stairs to see her sister Fannie's *trousseau*, and by the time she had finished showing it to us, it was twilight, so we had to hurry in order to get here before dark.

ANNIE.—Oh, aunt, Miss Fannie's *trousseau* is perfectly elegant. I never saw one so complete. Lilly says several of their friends have told them that they had never seen a young lady so well prepared for her marriage.

GORDON.—I don't consider Miss Fannie Barnwell well prepared for marriage by any means.

KATE.—Oh, cousin, you are very much mistaken. She has the greatest variety of beautiful dresses, bonnets, laces, gloves, parasols and all sorts of nice things.

GORDON.—Preparing for marriage is not so easy and simple a thing as you seem to suppose.

ANNIE.—Oh, I know it is not. The way things are made now, it takes thirty yards of silk to make a dress, and then the quillings, and puffings, and kilt plaitings are very troublesome and elaborate.

GORDON.—You need not give me a list of all these things, for when you get on this topic, you are talking in X and Y, as far as I am concerned.

KATE.—If you don't know anything about such matters, why should you criticize Miss Barnwell's preparations?

GORDON.—In regard to marriage, I see that the *trousseau* occupies the same place in your mind that pop-crackers used to hold in my estimation of Christmas. They covered the whole foreground in my heathenish little mind, despite my good mother's teachings, and I had a vague feeling that Christmas was instituted as a season for firing off pop-crackers, till on reaching the mature age of six or seven, I commenced attaching a deeper significance to the season.

MRS. C.—You must not be satirical to your cousins, my son. Remember how young they are and do not expect them to have rational ideas on the subject as yet. I doubt if you were any wiser at their age.

GORDON.—Not as wise, for I could not have told the difference between a *trousseau* and a *troubadour*.

KATE (*slightly offended*).—I am not quite so simple as you suppose, Cousin Gordon. I know very well that the *trousseau* is not the only preparation necessary for marriage. The house has to be built, or bought, or rented, the silver, china, house linen and furniture to be gotten, unless the couple go to boarding.

GORDON.—Very true, Kate, and yet the young couple need another and a better kind of furniture than any upholsterer can provide.

KATE.—I don't know where they will find it, then.

ANNIE.—Really, cousin, I can't understand you at all. Ever since you got back from college you have taken the greatest pleasure in trying to puzzle Kate and myself.

MRS. C.—Gordon, you really must explain your enigma to these bewildered young ladies.

GORDON.—So I will, after a while, but first I will propound another one, by pointing out a young lady whose preparations for marriage I consider complete.

KATE.—Who, cousin?

GORDON.—Our Cousin Constance.

ANNIE.—She has not had time yet.

GORDON.—She has been preparing a long time.

KATE.—She began her shopping only two weeks ago, cousin.

GORDON.—When I spoke of her preparations, I

had no reference to *trousseau*, silver, furniture nor anything of the sort.

ANNIE.—What can he mean? Do you know aunt?

MRS. C.—I think I do. He refers to her character, her habits, her acquirements, all of which have been long and gradually fitting her to assume a post which, faithfully fulfilled, is sacred, beautiful and vitally important.

GORDON.—My very thoughts, mother. Did you never notice, Kate, how "sweet and serviceable" Constance is in her father's household?

KATE.—Yes, indeed. I have often noticed it.

MRS. C.—There is no better gauge of what kind of a wife and mother a young woman will make than to see what kind of a daughter and sister she is. One who, like Constance, is a loving and sympathizing companion to her parents and her elder brothers and sisters, whilst she is all that is tender and patient to her little brothers and sisters, gives good evidence of being prepared to be mistress of a household of her own.

GORDON.—Yes, and in addition to being very sweet-tempered, Constance is a very cultivated, well educated woman, and, therefore, fitted to be not only a loving, but a rational and intelligent companion for her husband, to enter into and sympathize with all his plans and purposes. And while her accomplishments are not brilliant, they are sufficiently thorough to give much pleasure in the home circle. Her music, for instance, is full of sweetness and sympathy. Her voice is suggestive of spring, and her touch of rippling water, so her music is sufficiently fine to bring a train of sweet, pleasant, restful images.

MRS. C.—And she is also "learned in gracious household ways," to quote from your favorite Tennyson. She is exquisitely neat and orderly and has the true womanly instinct of keeping everything clean and beautiful around her—a sort of taste and tact which do more toward refining and adorning life than any other faculty—in short, a kind of—what shall I say?

GORDON.—*Womanliness*, mother, for that covers the whole ground. Oh, the exquisite sweetness, and delicacy, and grace of that nameless quality or combination of qualities we call womanliness! It encompasses a woman like a halo or like a flower-scented vernal atmosphere, bringing along with it all the sweetness, the loveliness, the poetry of life.

KATE.—Go on, cousin, you are so much pleasanter when you talk that way than when you are teasing us.

GORDON.—If you want to read a true and beautiful picture of womanliness, read Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the Household." You women of the nineteenth have no more valiant knight espousing your cause than he.

MRS. C.—Yes, his poem is as pure and sweet as a white lily. Wordsworth, too, gives a sweet picture of womanhood in a little poem entitled "A Portrait." Hand me that volume of Wordsworth's poems, Annie, and I will read it out. (*Reads.*)

GORDON.—Yes, that is a fine poem, especially the second stanza:

"I saw her upon a nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too—
Her household motions, light and free,
With steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet,
A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food,
Transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

Whenever I find such a woman I shall say to her "My queen, my queen!"

Mrs. C.—I am glad to see you have such true and high views of womanhood, my son. A man's appreciation of womanhood may be taken as an index of his progress in the attainment of a true and noble manhood.

GORDON.—I should be glad to think it was so in my case, mother. When I see a fresh, lovely young girl, moving quietly about a household, giving a poetry to everything she touches, now, as she passes along, looping a curtain with a new grace, now arranging a little nosegay of fresh flowers to brighten up a dingy room, or doing some of the many nameless little witcheries whereby a womanly woman repairs the wastes of life and makes the desert blossom like a rose, I feel an unspeakable reverence for womanliness.

Mrs. C.—Every womanly young girl, should it be her fate to have her life rounded and completed by the love of a truly *manly man*, may re-enact the history of Una and the lion—for the lion in a man's nature, which is lashed into rage by harsh collision with hostile forces, is subdued and tranquillized only by the exquisite sweetness and purity of a womanly woman.

GORDON.—But, mother, for fear we should be shooting over the heads of these lassies, "let us return to our last topic but one," as they say in "Alice in Wonderland." I will now explain my enigma to the girls—I mean my remarks about Miss Barnwell—though if they can reason by analogy, it is hardly necessary to explain what I mean by not being prepared for marriage when I have defined what I mean by being prepared for it.

KATE.—But any way, cousin, I would rather have you explain.

GORDON.—Well, then, I mean that Miss Barnwell is a woman who loves fashion, gayety and admiration as the opium-eater loves opium, and, except when under the stimulus of these, she is restless and dissatisfied. The seclusion of home (and every couple ought to have some periods of this, though they should have to snatch them forcibly from the thronging claims of outer life) would be irksome to her, while to a truly womanly nature they would be sweet and sacred; for, as a beautiful writer of the day says, "Every woman who wishes to keep her ideals sacred, still to keep herself the repository of the most beautiful virtues and divinest inspirations of humanity, who wishes to lead man back into Eden and to nourish and water from the fountain of her own heart the tree of life that is yet to bud and grow, must find and keep the privacy of a home."

Mrs. C.—And married life, under the happiest auspices, requires self-suppression and self-abnegation, which it would be difficult for such a wo-

man as you describe Miss Barnwell to give. A true marriage is undoubtedly the highest and happiest condition of humanity; yet it is far from being an Arcadia where you have nothing to do but to indolently sit and quaff the proffered cup of happiness. It requires faithful and arduous effort on both sides to make it a life of peace and blessedness, and those persons who enter it untutored in habits of self-command and self-abnegation, have many trials ahead of them.

GORDON.—The next time you spend an evening with us, I will improve your minds (I know you won't come soon) by reading you Ruskin's "Queen's Gardens;" and if that does not make one love and understand true womanliness, no human writings can. You didn't know you were a queen, did you, Kate? Well, according to Ruskin, you are.

"O queen, awake to thy renown."

Mrs. C.—Yes, and have a garden that must be kept filled with beautiful and fragrant flowers—all the nameless sweetnesses and refinements with which a true woman knows how to fill her home.

GORDON.—Before leaving the subject, I would explain to these young ladies that I intended to throw no obliquity on the *trousseau* which has furnished the text for this evening's discourse. A woman is not only excusable for dressing well, but absolutely I consider it her duty to dress as handsomely and tastefully as her means will allow, not only as a bride, but in all the phases of her existence. Shabby, careless dressing are incongruous with loveliness and refinement, so far be it from me to throw disrepute on *trousseau*. I merely meant that the *trousseau*, taken separately and singly, was not an adequate preparation for married life.

Mrs. C.—Yes, the bride who would, in the highest sense, fulfill the holy calling of wifehood, must be clothed with "a wedding garment" not woven with hands. The highest and best preparation a woman can make for married life (or for single, if Providence should so decree her lot), is to cultivate those spiritual affections for the good and true which fill the heart and life with flowers and fragrance. Without this preparation on both sides, no stable happiness can be expected, no matter what beauty, graces, accomplishments or wealth the couple may possess. If the love of married partners be not founded on that rock, which is Christ, it will crumble and fall away, and great will be the ruin thereof, when youth and beauty fade, when the fleeting fancy of the external mind vanishes, when trial and care assail the man and woman. I might justly say about the love of married partners what Carlyle says about friendship, that "it were not possible, save in a mutual devotedness to the good and the true; otherwise it were but a hollow league."

GORDON.—Well, girls, you have had a lecture, followed up by a sermon. I hope your views are enlarged and your minds edified.

GENIUS, when not under the control of virtuous principles, is very apt to pursue a wayward course, to the injury not only of its possessor, but also of society.

ANIMALS MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE.*

A RECENT volume by Rev. J. G. Wood, entitled "BIBLE ANIMALS," furnishes to Bible students a complete description of the habits, structure and uses of every living creature mentioned in the Scriptures, and explains all those passages in the Old and New Testaments in which reference is made to beast, bird, reptile, fish or insect. There are over one hundred illustrations in the book, many of them of superior artistic excellence. Through the courtesy of the publisher, we are permitted to use some of these fine illustrations in this article, which is chiefly made up of extracts from Mr. Wood's exceedingly interesting volume. Frequent reference is made in the Scriptures to camels, and the author devotes a chapter to them. We give our readers a full-page engraving. The picture illustrates the words of Isaiah: "They will carry their riches upon the shoulders of young asses, and their treasures upon the bunches (or humps) of camels."

"In this picture," says Mr. Wood, "are represented two of the ordinary camels of burden, as they appear when laden with boughs for the Feast of Tabernacles. The branches are those of the Hebrew pine, and, as may be seen, the animals are so heavily laden with them that their forms are quite hidden under their leafy burdens. The weight which a camel will carry varies much, according to the strength of the individual, which has given rise to the Oriental proverb, 'As the camel, so the load.' But an animal of ordinary strength is supposed to be able to carry from five to six hundred pounds for a short journey, and half as much for a long one—a quantity which, as the reader will see, is not so very great when the bulk of the animal is taken into consideration. It is remarkable that the camel knows its own powers, and instinctively refuses to move if its correct load be exceeded. But when it is properly loaded, it will carry its burden for hours together at exactly the same pace, and without seeming more fatigued than it was when it started."

The camel is first mentioned in the Bible in Gen. xii., 16, where it says of Abram: "He had sheep, and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and she-asses, and camels."

The camel is exceedingly valuable to the wanderer of the desert, since its powers of endurance are so great; and Abraham, who lived exactly like a Bedouin sheikh of the present day, might well count his riches by the number of camels he possessed. We may as well quote from the volume before us, since in so doing we shall give our readers a clearer idea of the book itself. Speaking of Abraham, it says: "When the son of his old age was desirous of marrying a wife of his own kindred, we find that he sent his trusted servants with ten of his camels to Mesopotamia, and it was by the offering of water to these camels that Rebekah was selected as Isaac's wife (see Gen. xxiv.,

10-19). In after days, when Jacob was about to leave Laban, these animals are mentioned as an important part of his wealth: 'And the man increased exceedingly, and had much cattle, and maid-servants, and men-servants, and camels, and asses' (Gen. xxx., 43). Then, in Exod. ix., 3, one of the severest plagues with which Egypt was afflicted was the disease which fell upon the camels in common with the other cattle.

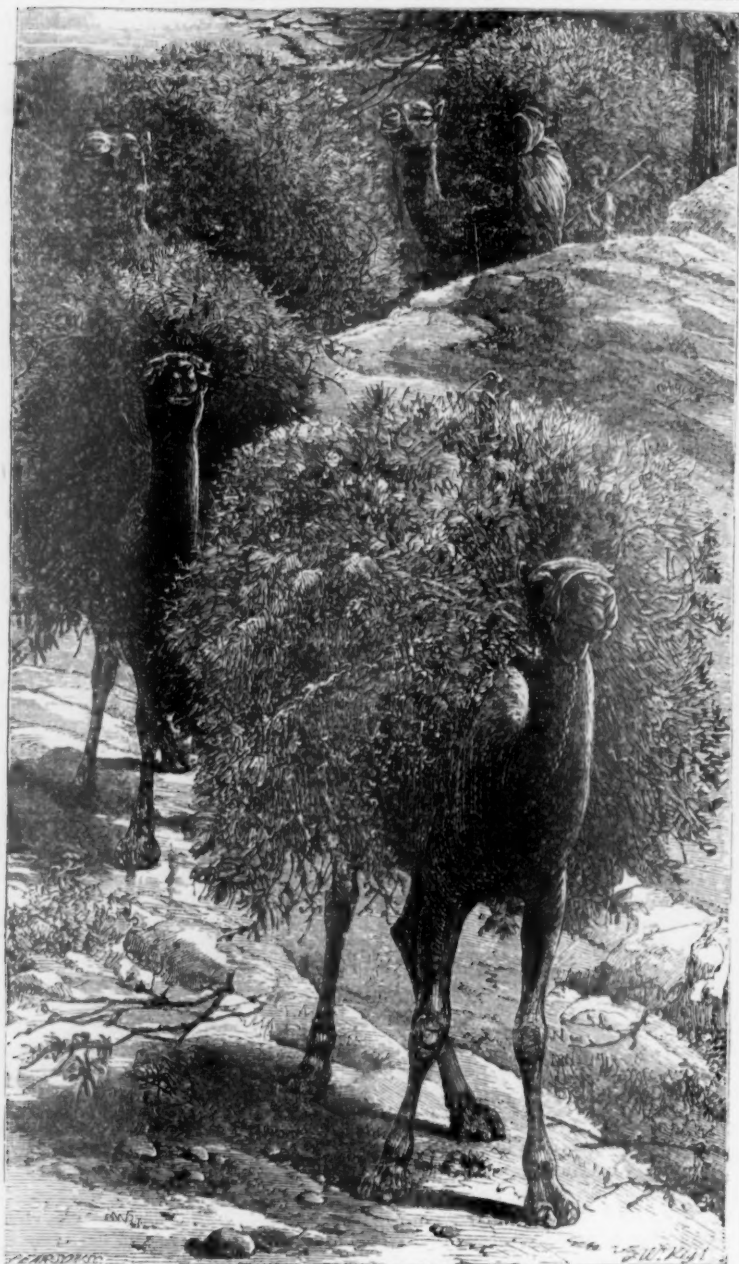
"It is thought worthy of mention in the sacred narrative that Job had three thousand, and afterward six thousand camels (Job i., 3, and xlii., 12); that the Midianites and Amalekites possessed 'camels without number, as the sand by the seashore for multitude (Judges vii., 12); and that the Reubenites, when making war against the Hagarites, took from them fifty thousand camels—exactly the very object of such wars in the same land at the present time.

"They were valuable enough to be sent as presents from one potentate to another. For example, when Jacob went to meet Esau, he gave as his present two hundred and twenty sheep, the same number of goats, fifty oxen, thirty asses and sixty camels, i. e., thirty mothers, each with her calf. They were important enough to be guarded by men of position. In 1st Chron. xxvii., 30, we find that the charge of David's camels was confided to one of his officers, Obil the Ishmaelite, who, from his origin, might be supposed to be skilful in the management of these animals. Bochart, however, conjectures that the word Obil ought to be read as Abul, i. e., the camel-keeper, and that the passage would therefore read as follows: 'Over the camels was an Ishmaelitic camel-keeper.'"

The Mosaic law forbids the use of the camel for food, since it does not divide the hoof, although it chews the cud. But, except by the Jews, the flesh is eaten throughout Palestine and the neighboring countries. The flesh of the camel, to the European, is rather unpleasant, being tough, stringy and without much flavor. The hump is considered the especial delicacy, and is always offered to the chief among the guests.

Mr. Wood gives the following fact in regard to the camel: "The reader is probably aware that, even in the burning climate in which it dwells, the camel is able to go for a long time without drinking—not that it requires less liquid nourishment than other animals, but that it is able, by means of its internal construction, to imbibe at one draught a quantity of water which will last it for a considerable time. It is furnished with a series of cells, into which the water runs as fast as it is drank, and in which it can be kept for some time without losing its life-preserving qualities. As much as twenty gallons have been imbibed by a camel at one draught, and this amount will serve it for several days, as it has the power of consuming by degrees the water which it has drank in a few minutes. * * * Many persons believe in the popular and erroneous idea that the camel does not require as much water as other animals. He will see, however, from the foregoing account, that it needs quite as much water as the horse or the ox, but that it possesses the

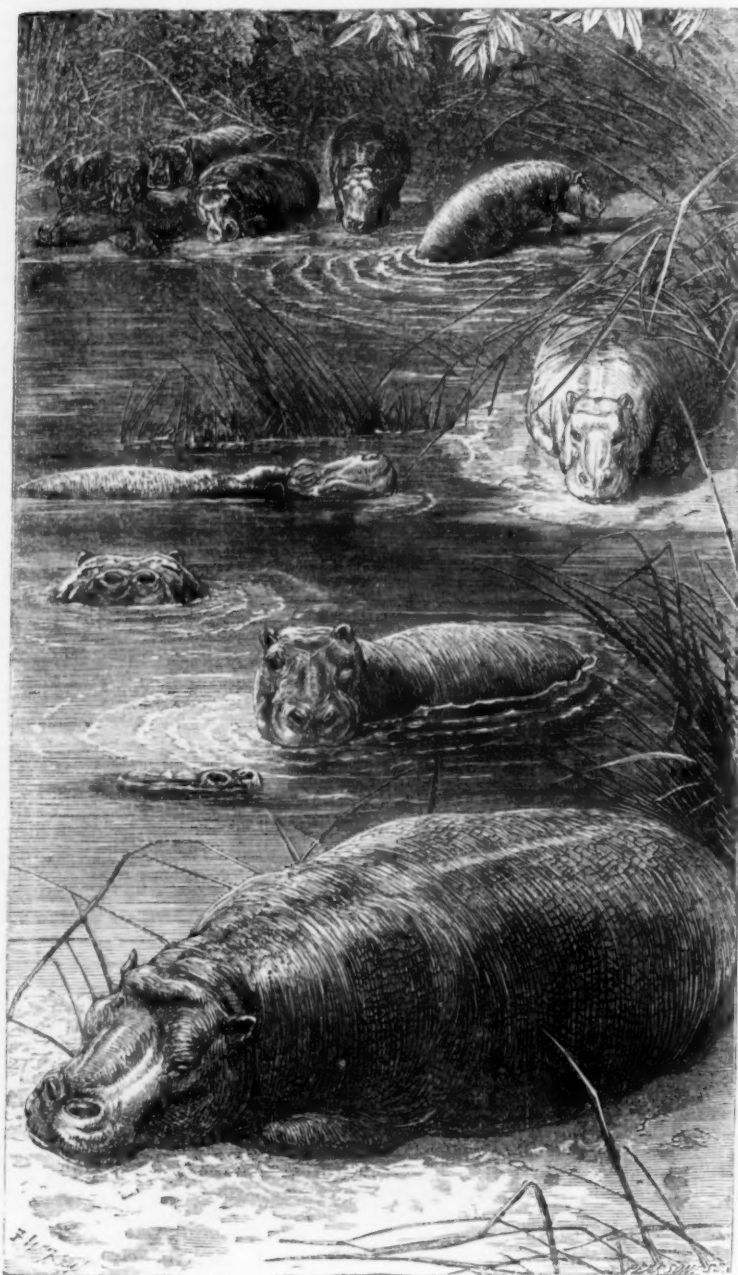
*WOOD'S BIBLE ANIMALS.—A description of the habits, structure and uses of every living creature mentioned in the Scripture. Illustrated with over one hundred new designs. By Rev. J. G. Wood, author of "Homes without Hands," etc., etc. Bradley & Garrettson, Philadelphia. (Sold by subscription only.)



THE CAMEL.

capability of taking in at one time as much as either of these animals would drink in several days. So far from being independent of water, there is no animal that requires it more, or displays a stronger desire for it. A thirsty camel possesses the power of scenting water at a very great distance, and, when it does so, its instincts

conquer its education, and it goes off at full speed toward the spot, wholly ignoring its rider or driver. Many a desert spring has been discovered and many a life saved by this wonderful instinct, the animal having scented the distant water when its rider had lost all hope, and was resigning himself to that terrible end, the death by thirst. The



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, OR BEHEMOTH OF SCRIPTURE.

sacred Zemzem fountain at Mecca was discovered by two thirsty camels."

"Behold now behemoth which I made with thee!" says Job, in the eleventh chapter and fifteenth verse. The Jewish Bible gives the following version of the same chapter:

"Behold now the river-horse, which I have made with thee: he eateth grass like an ox.

"Lo now, his strength is in his loins, and his vigor is in the muscles of his body.

"He moveth his tail like a cedar: the sinews of his thighs are wrapped together.

"His bones are pipes of copper; his bones are like bars of iron.

"He is the chief of the ways of God: he that made him can alone reach his sword.

"That the mountains shall bring forth food for him, and all the beasts of the field play there.

"He lieth under wild lotuses, in the covert of the reed and fens.

"Wild lotuses cover him with their shadow; willows of the brook compass him about.

"Behold, should a river overflow, he hasteth not: he feels secure should Jordan burst forth up to his mouth.

"He taketh it in with his eyes: his nose pierceth through snares."

Our author concludes that this behemoth or river-horse can be no other than the hippopotamus, which, though it is not now found in Syria, may have, at some remote date, frequented the Jordan and other rivers of that country, since remains of extinct species of hippopotamus have been found in countries where they are now unknown.

Mr. Wood devotes much space to an analyzation of this chapter, in the endeavor to prove that, from the description given, the beast spoken of can be no other than the hippopotamus. "That the hippopotamus was known to the ancient Jews is certain. After their sojourn in Egypt they had necessarily become familiarized with it; and if, as most commentators believe, the date of the book of Job be subsequent to the liberation of the Israelites, there is no difficulty in assuming that Job and his companions were well acquainted with the animal." It is certain that behemoth cannot mean the elephant, since the description in no wise suits that animal. It must have been some amphibious beast, which "ate grass" and lay hidden among the reeds of the river bank.

The owl is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures. Mr. Wood gives numerous quotations in which it is referred to. In the picture, which is taken from the pages of this work, there is a representation of the European eagle owl, and the Egyptian eagle owl. The latter is seen with its back toward the spectator, grasping in its talons a dead hare, and with ear-tufts erect in looking toward the barn owl, which is contemplating, in mingled anger and fear the proceedings of the larger bird. Near them is perched a raven, in order to carry out more fully the prophetic words, "The owl also and the raven shall dwell in it." "From generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it forever and ever. But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it: and He shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof: and it shall be an habitation of dragons and a court for owls. The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall call to his fellow; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow" (Isaiah xxxiv., 10-15).

"Several hebraists," says Mr. Wood, "have

thought that the word *lilith*," which is sometimes used in the original, and interpreted owl, "merely represents some mythological being, like the dread lamia of the ancients, a mixture of the material and spiritual—too ethereal to be seen by daylight, and too gross to be above the requirements of human food. The blood of mankind was the food of these fearful beings, and, according to old ideas, they could only live among ruins and desert places, where they concealed themselves during the day at the bottoms of wells, or the recesses of rock-caverns, and stole out at night to seize on some unlucky wanderer, and suck his blood as he slept. The reader may remember that even our very imperfect version of the 'Arabian Nights' repeatedly alludes to this belief, the evil spirit being almost invariably represented as dwelling in ruins, rocky places and the interior of wells. Although it is very possible that the prophet may have referred to some of the mythological beings which were so universally supposed to inhabit deserted spots, and thus to have employed the word *lilith* as a term which he did not intend to be taken otherwise than metaphorically, it is equally possible that some nocturnal bird may have been meant, and in that case the bird in question must almost certainly have been an owl of some kind."

We quote further from the book: "In the Old Testament there are several passages wherein is mentioned the word *chasidah*. We will take these passages in their order. In the first place, we find that the *chasidah* is enumerated in Lev. xi., 19, among the unclean creatures. 'And the stork, the heron after her kind, and the lapwing, and the bat.' The parallel passage in Deut. xiv., 18, has precisely the same words. Next we have the passage in Job xxxix., 13: 'Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? or the feathers of the *chasidah* and ostrich?' (marginal reading). Next we come to Psalm civ., 16, 17: 'The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which He hath planted, where the birds make their nests: as for the *chasidah*, the fir-trees are her house.'

"Passing to the prophets, we find that Jeremiah uses the same word: 'Yea, the *chasidah* in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord.'

"The last mention of the word occurs in Zech. v., 9: 'Then lifted I up mine eyes, and looked, and, behold, there came out two women, and the wind was in their wings; (for they had wings like the wings of a *chasidah*;) and they lifted up the ephah between the earth and the heaven.'

"We learn from these passages that, in the first place, the *chasidah* was certainly a bird, as it is mentioned in connection with other birds, and is said to have wings and feathers. Our next business is to find out what particular bird is meant by the *chasidah*. It is evident from the passage in Jeremiah that it is a migratory bird; from that in the Psalms, that it builds its nest upon a fir-tree; and from those in Job and Zechariah, that it is a large-winged bird. These details very much narrow the question, which is still further limited

by the fact that we have already identified the crane and the heron. The authorized version invariably renders the word *chasidah* as stork; and is undoubtedly right; though the septuagint has no less than four different translations, reading it as 'heron' in one place, 'pelican' in another, 'hoopoe' in another, and in the fourth instance leaving the word untranslated, but græcised into into the form of *asida*."

"According to some writers the name of *chasidah*, signifying benevolence, was given to the stork because it was supposed to be a bird remarkable for its filial piety; 'For the storks in their turn support their parents in their old age: they allow them to rest their necks on their bodies during migration, and, if the elders are tired, the young ones take them on their backs.' According to others, the name is given to the stork because it exercises kindness toward its companions in bringing them food; but in all cases the derivation of the word is acknowledged to be the same.

"Partly in consequence of this idea, which is a very old and almost universal one, and partly on account of the great services rendered by the bird in clearing the ground of snakes, insects and garbage, the stork has always been protected through the East, as it is to the present day in several parts of Europe. The slaughter of a stork, or even the destruction of its eggs, would be punished with a heavy fine; and in consequence of the immunity which it enjoys, it loves to haunt the habitations of mankind.

"In many of the continental towns, where sanitary regulations are not enforced, the stork serves the purpose of a scavenger, and may be seen walking about the market-place, waiting for the offal of fish, fowls and the like, which are simply thrown on the ground for the storks to eat. In Eastern lands the stork enjoys similar privileges, and we may infer that the bird was perfectly familiar to both the writers of the various scriptural books in which it was mentioned, and to the people for whom these books were intended.

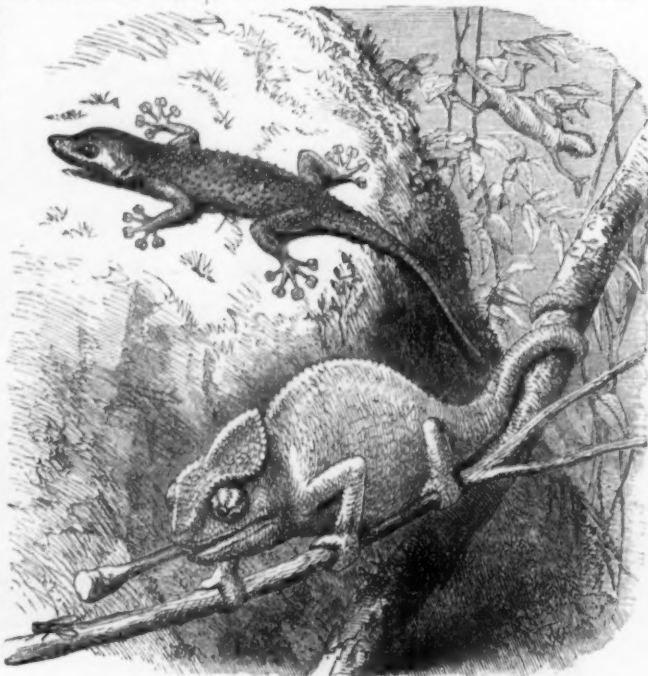
"When they settle upon a tract of ground, the storks divide it among themselves in a manner that seems to have a sort of system in it, spreading themselves over it with wonderful regularity, each bird appearing to take possession of a definite amount of ground. By this mode of proceeding, the ground is rapidly cleared of all vermin; the storks examining their allotted space with the keenest scrutiny, and devouring every reptile, mouse, worm, grub or insect, that they

can find on it. Sometimes they will spread themselves in this manner over a vast extent of country, arriving suddenly, remaining for several months, and departing without giving any sign of their intention to move.

"The wings of the stork, which are mentioned in Holy Writ, are very conspicuous, and are well calculated to strike an imaginative mind. The general color of the bird is white, while the quill feathers of the wings are black; so that the effect of the spread wings are very striking, an adult bird measuring about seven feet across when flying. As the body, large though it may be, is comparatively light when compared with the extent of wing, the flight is both lofty and sustained, the bird flying at a very great height, and, when migrating, is literally the 'stork in the heavens.'

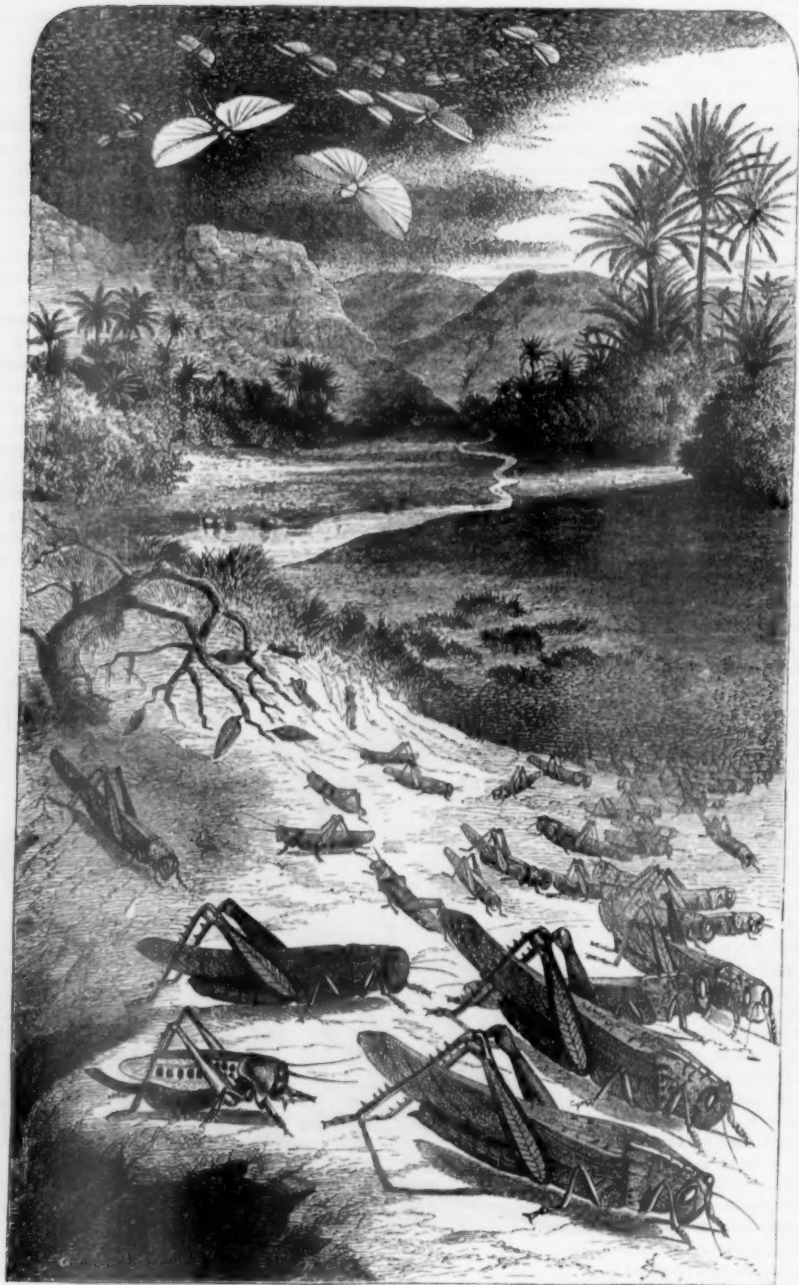
"Like the swallow, the stork resorts year after year to the same spots; and when it has once fixed on a locality for its nest, that place will be assuredly taken as regularly as the breeding-season comes round."

Thus the same nest will serve as the home for successive generations. In the countries where the storks abide, this fact is so well recognized that the birds come to be considered as in some



GECKO AND CHAMELEON.

sort belonging to the families near which their nests are found, and their return is hailed with every demonstration of joy. So that the stork can find a flat, firm platform for its nest, it seems to care little whether that nest be upon a tree, a crag or building. Sometimes they select old ruins, and sometimes breeding-places are provided for them in or near inhabited houses.



THE LOCUST.

The young of the stork are quite helpless when hatched, and are most ungainly little beings, with their long legs doubled under them, unable to sustain their round and almost naked bodies, while their large beaks are ever gaping for food.

One of the most curious reptiles known to man

is the chameleon, which is very plentiful in the East, and especially in the Holy Land. There is a reference to this creature in Leviticus xl., 30: "And the ferret, and the chameleon, and the snail, and the mole."

Mr. Wood himself had a chameleon for several

months, and thus enjoyed exceptional opportunities for observing the habits and peculiarities of the reptile. He says: "When the chameleon wished to pass from one branch to another, it used to hold firmly to the branch by the tail and one hind-foot, and stretch out its body nearly horizontally, feeling about with the other three feet, as if in search of a convenient resting-place. In this curious attitude it would remain for a considerable time, apparently suffering no inconvenience, though even the spider-monkey would have been unable to maintain such an attitude for half the length of time."

There is not room in this article to quote the complete description of the habits and appearance of this little creature; but it will not do to pass unnoticed what our author says of its special peculiarity, its faculty of changing its color. "The reptile does not necessarily assume the color of any object on which it is placed, but sometimes takes a totally different color. Thus, if my chameleon happened to come upon any scarlet substance, the color immediately became black, covered with innumerable circular spots of light yellow. The change was so instantaneous that, as it crawled on the scarlet cloth, the color would alter, and the fore-part of the body would be covered with yellow spots, while the hinder parts retained their dull black. Scarlet always annoyed the chameleon, and it tried to escape whenever it found itself near any substance of the obnoxious hue. The normal color was undoubtedly black, with a slight tinge of gray. But in a short time the whole creature would become of vivid verdigris green, and, while the spectator was watching it, the legs would become banded with rings of yellow, and spots and streaks of the same color would appear on the head and body. When it was excited either by anger or by expectation—as, for example, when it heard a large fly buzzing near it—the colors were singularly beautiful, almost exactly resembling in hue and arrangement those of the jaguar. Of all the colors, green seemed generally to predominate, but the creature would pass so rapidly from one color to another, that it was scarcely possible to follow the various gradations of hue."

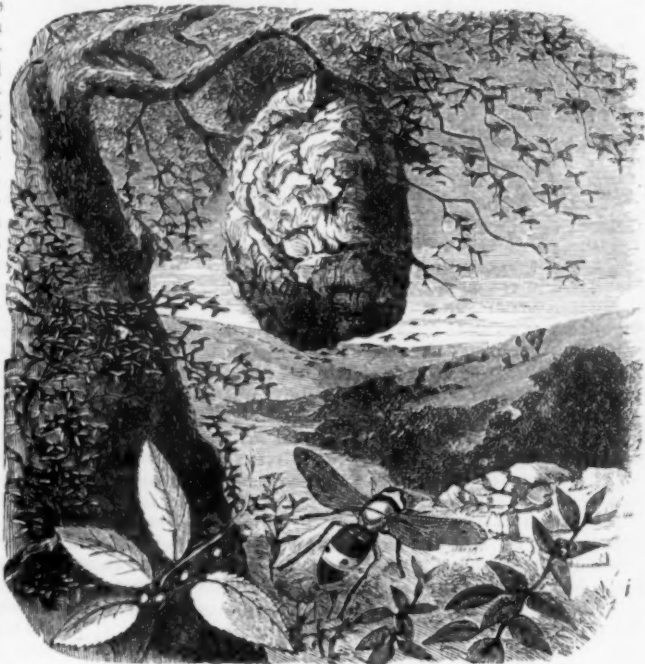
"Of the locusts," says Wood, "there are several species in Palestine, two of which are represented in the accompanying plate. Those on the ground are the common migratory locusts (*oedipoda migratoria*), while those on the wing, which have long heads, are a species of *truxalis*. At least four

species of locust are mentioned in the Scriptures, one of them being the beetle of the authorized version; and it is probable that one or two words which are differently rendered in the authorized version are either names of different species of locusts or are synonyms of the same species."

Sometimes this insect is spoken of as a grasshopper. "For they came up with their cattle and their tents, and they came as grasshoppers for multitude; for both they and their camels were without number; and they entered into the land to destroy it." The word locust would be here more appropriate, since, while grasshoppers may inhabit a certain spot and do great damage, locusts go forth like an invading army, causing utter destruction.

Solomon speaks of the presence of locusts as among the most terrible calamities that can befall a country, and classes it with famine, drought, pestilence and siege. Their are numerous other passages in the Bible which refer either to their destructiveness, to their unnumbered hosts or to their migratory habits.

"Mr. Gordon Cumming once saw a flight of locusts. They flew about three hundred feet from the ground, and came on in thick, solid masses,



THE HORNET.

forming one unbroken cloud. On all sides nothing could be seen but locusts. The air was full of them, and the plain was covered with them, and for more than an hour the insect army flew past him. When the locusts settle, they eat with such voracity that the sound caused by their jaws cutting the leaves and grass can be heard at a great distance; and even the young locusts, which have

no wings, and are graphically termed by the Dutch colonists of Southern Africa 'Voet-gangers,' or foot-goers, are little inferior in power of jaw to the fully developed insects. 'As long as they have a favorable wind, nothing stops the progress of the locusts. They press forward just like the vast herds of antelopes that cover the plains of

"They make their nests in various ways; some species placing them underground, and others building in the shape of a balloon hanging from the limb of a tree, and merely sheltering them from the elements by a paper cover. Such nests as these would easily be disturbed by the animals which accompanied the Israelites on their jour-

neys, even if the people were careful to avoid them. In such a case, the irritated insects rush out at the intruders; and so great is the terror of their stings, that men and beasts fly promiscuously in every direction, each only anxious to escape from the winged foes."

"Scorpions are exceedingly common in Palestine, and to a novice are a constant source of terror until he learns to be accustomed to them. The appearance of the scorpion is too well known to need description, every one being aware that it is in reality a kind of spider that has the venom claw at the end of its body, and not in its jaw. As to the rendering of the word *akrabim* as scorpions, there has never been any doubt.

"These unpleasant creatures always manage to insinuate themselves in some crevice, and an ex-



THE SCORPION.

Africa, or the bison that blacken the prairies of America, and the progress of even the wingless young is as irresistible as that of the adult insects. Regiments of soldiers have in vain attempted to stop them. Trenches have been dug across their path, only to be filled up in a few minutes with the advancing hosts, over whose bodies the millions of survivors continued their march. When the trenches were filled with water, the result was the same; and even when fire was substituted for water, the flames were quenched by the masses of locusts that fell into them."

The hornet is frequently referred to in the Scriptures. In Exodus we find the passage: "And I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite and the Hittite from before thee." A similar passage occurs in Deuteronomy; and again in Joshua we are told that, "And I sent the hornet before you, which drove them out from before you, even the two kings of the Amorites; but not with thy sword nor with thy bow."

"The hornets of Palestine," says Mr. Wood, "and the neighboring countries, are far more common than our own hornets in England, and they evidently infested some parts to such an extent that they gave their name to those spots. Thus the word *Zoreah*, which is mentioned in Josh. xv., 33, signifies the 'place of hornets,'

experienced traveller is cautious where the scorpions are plentiful, and will never seat himself in the country until he has ascertained that no scorpions are beneath the stones on or near which he is sitting. Holes in walls are favorite places of refuge for the scorpion, and are very plentiful, the mud walls always tumbling down in parts, and affording homes for scorpions, spiders, snakes and other visitors. The venom of the scorpion varies much in potency, according to the species and size of the creature, some of the larger scorpions being able to render a man ill for a considerable time, and even to kill him if he should be a sensitive subject. So much feared were the scorpions that one of the chief privileges of the apostles and their immediate followers was their immunity from the stings of scorpions and the bite of venomous serpents. It is said, however, that after a person has been stung once by a scorpion, he suffers comparatively little a second time; and if he be stung three or four times, the only pain that he suffers arises from the puncture."

The scorpion is frequently mentioned in Holy Writ. Ezekiel gives an image of desolation when he says: "And thou, son of man, be not afraid of them, neither be afraid of their words, though briars and thorns be with thee, and thou dost dwell among scorpions." "If a son shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?" (Luke xl., 12).

"The prevalence of the scorpion in Palestine and its neighborhood may be inferred from the fact that a wady or pass between the south end of the Dead Sea and Zion was named after it. The southern boundary of Judah is said to be at Maaleh Akkrabbim (Josh. xv., 3). Now the literal translation of these words is 'the ascent of scorpions,' or the scorpion pass."

We have selected several of the many illustrations of this work, and have made numerous brief extracts, in order to give our readers some idea of its style and scope. The book is a large one, of nearly seven hundred pages; and, as we have already mentioned, every animal, bird, reptile or insect mentioned in the Bible, is here described at length, and the passages in which their names occur explained to the reader.

FANCIES.

BY ALICE HAMILTON.

PEOPLE say that tales of fairies,
Though enchanting, are not true;
Ah! methinks they fail to render
Unto fairy tales their due.

Would you keep the peach from blushing?
Banish from the plum its gloss?
Rob the grape of all its lustre,
Thinking they had borne no loss?

What is it that makes the poet
More beloved than other men?
Why, because the weird, strange fancies
Are beyond the common ken.

Our best critics are our children;
Tales and poems they love best
Have the ring of worth and merit,
There can be not better test.

Children! love your knight and ladies;
Look for elves in forests old!
When you see the shining rainbow,
Look you for a pot of gold!

Try your fortunes by the daisies!
"Rich man, poor man, beggar, thief,"
Lay the wish-bone o'er the doorway!
Find the magic clover leaf!

Look you over your right shoulder,
When the moon is slight and new,
It may be the wish you utter
Some sweet future may bring true.

Cherish all your pure, sweet fancies,
Keep your heart from growing cold;
You may keep your heart so mellow
That you never can be old.

THERE is no greater work on the earth than that of developing everything in man, of bringing it into harmony, of holding it back from wrong-doing, and pushing it forward to positive excellence. He builds a great thing who builds a pyramid; but he builds a greater thing who builds a character.

A LEGEND OF NORSELAND.

BY S. J. D.

THEY tell a Norseland legend thus—Odine,
king of his clan,
Journeyed with all his strong, brave sons—
for so the story ran—

In search of Urda, deathless fount, immortal life
for man!

They wandered far, nor found the prize—death
reigned on every shore;

At length a raging stream they reach, whose deep,
black waters roar;

A glittering rainbow spans the gulf, bridging the
torrent o'er.

The living waters—long sought fount—lo, on the
farther side!

And they who climb the rainbow arch may safely
cross the tide;

The watchful porter points the way, and flings the
portal wide.

And one by one they venturing press the fragile
pavement bright,

And, bound to taste immortal life, pass o'er the
bridge of light;

The portal closed on one alone, his eager hopes to
blight!

Then spake Van Thule—the noble youth, uprising
in his pride—

"Am I alone, of all my race, immortal life de-
nied?"

"Not so," the porter said, "but thou alone must
brave the tide."

Then spake again the royal youth, his anger rising
swift,

"If I, to reach the long-sought prize, through dan-
gerous waves must drift,

While these may cross the rainbow bridge, I dare
refuse the gift!"

Then spake his sire, from glittering arch of tinted
rainbow spun,

"Over the bridge or through the wave, what mat-
ters it, my son,

If but the further shore be gained, and endless life
be won?"

The youth, obedient, dared the abyss with unseen
terrors rife,

Breasted the flood, and gained the shore—and,
victor in the strife—

Was first of all his race to reach and taste im-
mortal life!

O'er bridge of ease across life's wave perchance
may others glide,

A Father's voice may bid me cross where rolls the
swift, chill tide;

What matter? since the deathless life waits on the
other side!

Over the bridge or through the wave! I would
not, if I might,

Choose 'tween the rushing billows dark and rain-
bow pavement bright;

Since one who goes the darkest way may soonest
reach the light.



THE NOTE AND THE NOSEGAY.

"SWEETS to the sweet;"
 She reads the words,
 And they thrill her soul
 Like exquisite chords
 Of passionate music
 Heard in the hush
 Of a soft June eve,
 As the last red flush,
 That crimson the cheek
 Of the dying day,
 Slowly and quietly
 Fades away.

Tender the words,
 O maiden fair!
 Crowned for thy lover
 With beauty rare;
 Tender the words
 He hath said to thee;
 Pure are the flowers
 As flowers can be,
 "Sweets to the sweet."
 Love, do not bring
 To this maiden's bosom
 Thorn or sting!

The Story-Teller.

FIFTY YEARS AGO;
OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 9.

WHAT times Jack Howell did have when he courted Peggy Watson fifty-five years ago! People did not have parlors and sitting-rooms then in the backwoods, no, indeed; they had only one room, and they lived, and ate, and spun, and wove, and carded wool and tow, and cooked, and visited, and slept, all in the same room.

If any fellow came to see one of the blooming daughters, his visit was in the presence of the whole family. Think of that! If the bashful swain cast "sheep's eyes" at the girl who sat twirling her thumbs in the corner, a half dozen mouths were softly stretched in silent laughter. If the family had all retired and the tallow dip burned dimly and the white ashes crept over the glowing embers and only two ghostly shadows were pictured on the gray log wall, twinkling eyes were opened their very widest at every hitch of his low, splint-bottomed chair, or heavy little bench.

This was how matters stood with Jack and pretty Peggy. Jack loved the girl and he meant to tell her so, sometime, when he could pick up enough courage, but there was Lydia, her mischievous younger sister, her black eyes always twinkling with fun. She would play tricks on people, too, and he could not trust her. Still, he continued to visit at neighbor Watson's, and he came no nearer bringing the eventful matter to a crisis, either.

The Watsons were poor people. Peggy had been brought up to be kind and hospitable, and every night before Jack started home she gave him something to eat. Sometimes it was only a plate of hominy, or a saucer full of stewed pumpkin with cream poured over it, and one time, when there was no corn-bread baked, she gave him a good drink of mulled buttermilk seasoned with ginger. One baking-day, she made him a little turn-over pie out of wild plums, and set it away in a hidden place where no one would see it. But Lydia and her little brother Tom had been watching, and were ripe for fun. They stole the pie out of the little box (that was made of elm bark and stained with blood-root and black ink,) and made some additions to it. They took it up in the loft and carefully raised the upper crust, picked out and ate the plums, and then began the fun of making a pie on their own responsibility. How they did laugh! What rare fun that was! Lydia took a thick piece of dark brown cloth and cut it up in small pieces and put it in the pie, while Tom, with a radiant countenance, seasoned it with a piece of shoemaker's wax that he found among the tools on his Uncle Sam's bench. Then they fitted the crust on so exactly that no one

would have known at a casual glance that the pie had been robbed of its contents.

Before Jack came on Saturday evenings the house was always tidied up its very nicest. The floor was scoured with sand, the tinware was polished with rushes from the lily pond, fresh towels were hung up back of the pictures on the walls, the four panes of glass in the window were washed and a spick-span clean curtain put up, the dresser scoured and the dishes arranged to make the most show, by turning the saucers bottom upward and standing a teacup on each one. One set would fill a whole shelf then. Fresh chicken tail feathers or "sparrow-grass" was hung above the little mirror, a notched paper was laid on the hanging-shelf, and fringed cloth, white as snow, was spread on the chest. The tinware was hung so as to show to a good advantage, and the ironware, as black on the outside as it could be made, stood in a row outside the door. The dish-cloth hung beside the strainer just on the wall outside above the pots and kettles. The bed-clothes were piled so as to make them look abundant on a little stool that stood between the beds. A dinner-horn, and cow-bell, and the wagon-whip hung on the mantel above the wide old fireplace, while the saddles and bridles were carefully suspended in a prominent position. In the corner stood the ladder that led up into the loft. Dried pumpkins hung on poles overhead among the socks and stockings and wearing apparel of the men; while the clothing that belonged to the women covered the walls behind the beds. A dye tub stood against the jamb stone and a barrel of kraut a little farther back. An old speckled hen sat on thirteen eggs in a sugar trough in under one of the beds.

Oh, there was no end of the tricks Lydia played on that fellow, Jack, after he was the accepted lover and the betrothed of her sister Peggy!

One time she dressed in boy's clothes and came in at night and pretended she was a relative from the East. Jack, bashful fellow, never suspecting the truth, ran under a bed to hide in his embarrassment, and the setting hen picked him, and he shrieked out, "Lordy! I'm snake bitten, and I don't care who knows it."

At that Lyd laughed convulsively, and her peals of merriment roused the whole family, and they joined her. Peggy herself enjoyed the fun.

Another time, when Jack came in the evening, he wore a new fur hat, and when one of the girls offered to take it, he wanted to appear unconcerned and act as though a new fur hat was nothing uncommon, and he said, "Oh, never mind! never mind!" and with an air of easy freedom hung it on the post of a big spinning-wheel that stood back against the wall. All elderly women who remember about big wheels know that the post on which the great rim is hung is always turned in a turning lathe, and has a head on the end of it. Now, when Lyd went to bed that night she slyly

drew the cord in the lining of the hat until it was so tight that it fitted around below the head on the post. She tied it fast. The house was dark when Jack started home, and he wanted to be very sly and steal out softly. He fumbled and tinkered a long while and couldn't pull the hat off, and Lyd, lying awake, with sharpened sense of hearing, heard him gnash out angrily, "the hell!" and jerk the hat off and leave the lining fast on the wheel.

But his troubles were not over. He had ridden a white horse there and put it in the log shed outside the stable. The Watsons had a white horse, too, and Lyd had stolen out and exchanged "critters," and that poor fellow never knew the difference until the next day at noon.

The little tub of blue dye that stood in the corner always had on it a loose-fitting cover, and in every well-to-do family in early days was used to sit on, the same as a chair. Poor bashful Jack Howell was sitting on it one night, and the lid became shoved to one side, and the drab skirts of his scissor-tailed coat worked down into the dye, and were colored a dingy, grizzly shade of blue.

Old Mother Watson declared that the dye would lose its virtues, 'cause blue dye always did if any fabric of another hue was put into it; but she was mistaken that time. Perhaps it was because drab was so nearly no color that the dye was not affected.

The Howells were very poor people, and their son could not afford to wear a variegated coat, so his mother dipped it in a dye of butternut bark, and made it a rich brown with a golden tint.

He was a steady, well-behaved boy, and, though poor, any managing mamma would be glad in those days to secure him for a son-in-law. Indeed, the two old women, as some of the meddling neighbors said, did "right smart o' the courtin' themselves." One would send some nice onion sets to the other, and then in the gray of the evening the other would send to get a "leetle mite o' runnet" to set the milk for a sage cheese; and if either had company, say the new circuit preacher, then one of the elect—that means either blooming Peggy or manly Jack—was dispatched to the home of the other for a "settin' o' butter." They swapped eggs to improve their respective breeds of chickens, too, and borrowed hanks of yarn, and made beer in the same keg; and their girls exchanged posie seed, and broke wish-bones together, and tried their fortunes with salt-cake, and tea-grounds, and leaves of rue stamped on their bare arms, and they dreamed dreams after walking backward and counting the joists over their heads.

People used to laugh at Peggy at wool-pickings and quilting-bees because she was so very quiet and demure, and blushed so rosily and prettily; but old Mother Howell, with her fancy hare-lip, would come to the rescue of her prospective daughter-in-law with the coarse and homely saying, "It's the still sower that drinks the slop;" and then the old woman would grin with an air of pomposity.

"Still waters allus runs the deepest," was what another neighbor woman used to say to Peggy.

But you will be tired of so much Jack-and-Peggy narrative, and no doubt want to hear about the first wedding in the wilderness in the year of our Lord 1812. Well, they were to be married, and settle on a squatter's right on the eighty acre lot west of the Watson claim. They didn't know what they would have to commence housekeeping with, for this was so long, long ago, and people were poor, and had but just begun to clear land, and raise patches of corn, and pumpkins, and potatoes. Wheat they could not raise; if they did, it was what was called sick wheat; it made bread and biscuit that looked good and tasted good, but no stomach could retain it more than half an hour; it even made hogs and dogs sick.

The Howells were rich in dogs—nothing else. They had bull-dogs with snub noses, and long-eared, mournful-looking hounds, and frisky puppies, and they all thrived and waxed fat. Why, Jack Howell could talk dog an hour at a time, and then have lost none of his enthusiasm.

The day of the wedding drew near. It was to be solemnized on a Tuesday evening by the circuit preacher when he came to preach at Hoskin's School-house. One of the judges was a justice; but old Mother Howell would not hear to a child of hers being married by a common squire; she said it seemed solemnner to have the "circus rider" do it, and have him pray like, and say things out o' the Bible, and sing religious things.

So, on Tuesday afternoon of the "p'inted day," there was a great hubbub at the two "housen." Jack sat on a stump out in the yard rubbing grease on a pair of wrinkled, foxy-looking shoes, while his mother was brushing the blue cloth coat that his father wore on a similar occasion. Jack looked up frequently, because he heard Peggy say she would come over to borrow his mother's bake-kettle to make tea in, and when she did come he wanted to help her carry it home.

In those days a girl wouldn't think of marrying without she wore a cap during the ceremony. The cap was the one thing needful. It was made of white lace, with a full plaited border all round of footing with a narrow edging on it. Generally white ribbon trimmed it, put on in bows with ties of the same. Slippers were also a very important adjunct; "skippers" was what Mother Howell called them in her poor, blundering way.

Before the young couple took their places on the floor preparatory to the marriage service, Lyd stepped round behind the sheet that was hung up in front of the waiting pair, and said: "Now get ready to catch hands, and when he asks you if you'll take this fellow for your pardner, don't stick your thumb in your mouth and say, 'Eh-heh; you must say, 'Yes, sir, by your leave.'"

When they stood up, Jack looked as sneaking as a sheep-dog. His father's blue coat did not make a very close fit, and the collar came away against the back of his head, while the waist of it, in front, was above his jacket. Peggy looked very pretty, and blushing, and scared, especially when the preacher said to Jack, "Salute your bride." She turned her face just in time to catch the kiss on the end of her nose. Then there was a real prayer, and the hymn was sung something about

Isaac and Rebecca, and then they sat down until the women, with sleeves turned back and choice calico dresses pinned up in front, said: "Well, now come to supper."

They had wild turkey, and maple molasses, and butter, and sage cheese, and honey, and potatoes, and turnips, and custard eaten with their knives and forks, and nice corn bread made out of meal ground at a mill twenty-one miles away, and store tea, bought for the occasion, and rich, amber-colored coffee made out of rye and scorched molasses. They had borrowed dishes so that eight persons could sit down to the table at one time.

Oh, they had pleasant times that day! All the people in the sparse settlement were there; girls in good homemade linen gowns, and boys in deer-skin trousers—all rosy and bright and sparkling with merriment.

After supper the radiant bridegroom gave the Methodist minister a wink, and the two walked out toward the spring which was beyond the cabin, hidden in a clump of low shrubbery.

"Well, what's the damage?" asked the young man, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his new linen trousers; "thought p'raps I'd better get the thing off my mind," and he squirmed like an eel and grew very red in the face.

"Well, you must use your own judgment as to what you feel willing to give," said the minister, smiling.

"Oh, I s'posed, seein' as how it was me, and weddin's bein' somethin' rare-like, as you may say, you'd not be hard on a fellar," said Jack, grinning painfully and bashfully.

"Oh, no, no, I'll leave the matter entirely to yourself," was the encouraging answer.

"Well, see here, 'squire," said the poor fellow, walking closer up to the parson, and there was a cringe in his voice that was really sad, "seein' as how it's me, and I'm kind o' poor like, and as you might say, just commencin' life, and mighty little to begin with, would you mind takin' a fine, promisin' pup for pay o' this weddin' o' mine?"

"A puppy, did you say? a young dog?" said the minister, his eyes dilating, and the muscles about his mouth beginning to twitch with the first symptoms of laughter.

"Yes, sir, a pup that'll be wuth his weight in gold if he's trained right; you see his mother was part mastiff and part bull-dog, with a little smatter of wolf blood in her veins, and his father was old Bill Hoskins's gray Bounce, a dog that could take a bear by the scruff and hold him and shake him like you'd shake a meal bag; a dog that is afear'd o' nothin' that walks, creeps or flies. I swear you'll have a dog that you'll be proud of, if I do say it myself; you see I know what I'm discoursin'; I'd be chawed afore I'd cheat a minister o' the gossip out o' his honest airnin's; work well and faithfully done, as you've done your'n to-day, sir, an' I thank you most sincerely fur the job you've done fur me an' yon young woman. We're both young and poor, but I hope we are honest an' willin' to pay our debts. What's your opinion 'bout my offer?" and the poor relieved lad rested his hard, brown hands on his hips and began to breathe easier.

"Ye-es—well—yes, I think I'll take the pup. I'll be glad to accommodate you, sir, and I believe I heard my wife say that she'd like to have a dog to drive the coons away from the truck patch. But how am I to get him home? I'd like to take my fee with me, but you see I preach at Hoskins's school-house to-night, and at Willoughby's to-morrow, and at Lane's to-morrow night, and from there I go directly home," said the circuit rider, running his fingers over his bearded chin in a thoughtful way.

"Easiest thing in the world," said the newly-married, honest young man; "I can put the pup in a bag and leave his head stick out, an' you can carry him with you. It's a mortal mean man who couldn't afford to keep the preacher's dog a night; wherever you go take him with you an' order a good swig o' sweet milk for him with the cream left on, too."

We must not omit to say that the poor circuit rider was disappointed. It had been a long time since the collapsed leather wallet in his pocket had felt a coin inside of it, and he had hoped on this occasion to receive a fee, no matter how small it was, it would buy a little store tea for the emaciated, sad-eyed young wife at home, with her two ill-fed babies, alone in a log cabin, through the scant roof of which, at night, the stars looked down into the pale faces of the sleepers.

Sometimes, before the poor missionary reached his cabin home, he was tempted to leave the puppy enveloped in the sack lying in the Indian trail, but his better feelings of pity intermingled with mirth prevailed, and in spite of the whining cry he held to him and carried him home in safety and delivered him over to his wife as his marriage fee.

The dog did not belie Jack's cordial recommendation, and proved himself to be a fast and faithful friend of the family. He caught wild game, and kept coons and squirrels out of the patch, and barked valorously at night when the whipporwills and owls alighted on the ridge pole and sung, and hooted, and made mournful the lonesome hours of darkness.

The grateful young couple did not forget the circuit rider, they always remembered him kindly and generously. The first autumn after they were married they had a pumpkin-bee, to which all the neighborhood were invited. After the bee they had a dance. There was no fiddler in the vicinity and the boys whistled instead.

Jack and Peggy dried one hundred pumpkins that fall. When some one ventured to suggest that they never could use so many, Peggy demurely answered that they didn't expect to, but it was good to be industrious and to school themselves to good habits.

I have often heard Jack tell about the trials of pioneer life; sometimes the pathos in his voice and in his stories would make me cry; then again he would tell such very funny things that my laughter was almost without bounds.

He said he never undertook anything that was as hard as trying to be a good Methodist. He told me there was nothing that would test a man's Christian principles like ploughing a new piece of ground the first time after it had been cleared.

He said the plough would cut off the tough roots under ground, and with great force they would spring out and thrash him unmercifully across the shins. No man could strike a blow with such a vicious and stinging power as that.

I said, throwing out the question as a cautious feeler: "Why how could the blows from those roots touch your Christian character?"

"Law, child, don't you know! Why they made me swear in spite of myself," said he, blushing like a sensitive girl; "but I allus took the aggravatin' side o' the question to my Maker afore I went to sleep, an' I know He didn't lay the sin up agin me. Why I used to tie sheepskins all over my shins to save 'em, an' save the humiliation 'fore my Lord an' Marster; but even then the roots whaled away at me until I'd say 'damn,' in spite o' myself. Yes, indeed, a Job or a Stephen couldn't a kept back the oath when it was drubbed out of man under like sarcumstances."

Dear old Christian Jack.

FROM A WIFE'S HISTORY.

BY ISADORE ROGERS.

"MOTHER, I am tired."

"Well, what if you are? Do you suppose that no one is ever tired but yourself? Here I have been in this warm, tiresome kitchen nearly all day working, with this fretful child clinging to my skirts, and you with nothing to do but to help a little while in the morning, and then go to school, come home and complain of being tired."

And Mrs. Allen *was* tired; all day she had been busy with that never-ending routine of duties which every housekeeper knows is sometimes so wearisome, and which even the best of us must acknowledge so often wears upon our nerves and temper. Very many of us would have answered in the same manner; but it was not at all soothing to the little girl that raised a pair of lovely brown eyes longingly to the mother's face for one moment, then took up the baby brother and went silently away.

There had been a painful throbbing of her temples all day, and she had been obliged to take her place in the class with a poor lesson, which was very unusual for her, and had been sternly rebuked by the teacher, whose nerves had been in something of the same state as the mother's. She had always prided herself upon her perfect lessons, and her sensitive nature revolted at the injustice of the reproof. She left the school-room in silence, and hurried home to her mother, but with what comfort we have seen.

Tears filled her eyes as she raised the little brother in her arm, and went to the well and bathed her head and the baby's face with cold water, and then spreading a blanket under the old apple-tree, she lay down upon it with the little one by her side.

"Little darling," she murmured, as he began to amuse himself by pulling her hair and spitting her face with his fat, chubby hands, "he does not know how badly sister's head aches, or he wouldn't do so; nobody knows; and, what's

worse, nobody cares. I wonder if there ever will be any one to be sorry when I'm sad, or pleased when I'm glad? My teacher might have known that I had good reason for my poor lesson, and I would have taken care of baby just the same if mother hadn't scolded. I hope he will sleep while I set the table."

Annie assisted her mother as well as she could; and when Mrs. Allen saw that she was ill, she gave her medicine and sent her to her room; but it was sympathy more than medicine that the child longed for.

A prize had been offered for the best scholarship in the school, and Annie was using her utmost efforts to obtain it; and although she did sometimes wish that her mother would take sufficient interest in her improvement to hear her recite her lessons at home, she thought that she would surely be pleased if her daughter could win it. And she did succeed; for when was determination, perseverance and energy known to fail? Happy and triumphant, she hurried home to exhibit her hard-earned treasure.

"Look here, mother!" she exclaimed, bursting into the room, with every feature burning with happiness. "I have taken the prize!"

"Well, go and put it away, and set the table," said Mrs. Allen, after glancing at it for a moment.

Poor Annie! her spirits sank at least twenty degrees in an instant; but when her father came in she brought it to him.

"Well done, child, I am glad of it," he said.

"That was better," thought Annie; "but I wanted some one to be *real* glad."

But if she was disappointed by her parents' want of appreciation, her prize was not without its beneficial effect, for the efforts which she had made to obtain it had a tendency to fix upon her habits of study and industry which afterward made her a well-informed and useful woman.

At the age of eighteen, Annie Allen was acknowledged to be the most promising girl in the village. Not on account of her beauty alone, however—although, with her clear, rosy complexion, handsome brown eyes, and dark, wavy hair, with a trim figure neither too stout nor too slender, she was very fair to look upon—but more on account of her good sense, engaging manners and amiable disposition. She had studied diligently while at school, and thus laid the foundation for a good education, and she never failed to build upon this by the careful selections which she made in her reading. Upon taking up a book, her first question after examining the title and preface was, "Is it a book from which I shall obtain any useful knowledge?" And if she decided against it, no matter how entertaining its overwrought pages might be, it was at once discarded, and something more useful took its place.

Dr. Willis often declared that she was the only girl of her age with whom he could hold an hour's sensible conversation; and as often added to his son: "I should like above all things to have her for a daughter-in-law, were it not that I knew that she's a confounded sight too good for you, you young scamp!"

To which the young man always replied: "I suppose that's just what *she* thinks, father."

Dr. Willis was a very kind-hearted and genial old gentleman, somewhat eccentric in his manners, but highly esteemed throughout the community. He had retired from his profession, and established a store in the village "just to give his boys employment and keep them out of mischief," he said, and he had observed with gratification that upon many occasions his elder son had been Annie Allen's escort.

Her parents, accustomed to pay but little attention to their daughter's ways, thought nothing of his attentions, never dreaming of any serious inclination on her part, but the young man was pressing his suit with all the urgency of a sincere attachment, and the impetuosity of an impulsive nature, and with his handsome face and manly figure and the unexceptionably respectability of his family, it was not strange that she should have returned his affection, and after an unusually urgent appeal from her lover, she determined to consult her parents in regard to the matter, but there had been so little familiarity between them, that with her natural maidenly reserve, the subject was painfully embarrassing. All day she had been silent and thoughtful, but having finally made up her mind, she sought her mother's presence.

"Mother," she said, falteringly.

"Well, what do you want now?" asked Mrs. Allen, petulantly. "You must want something or you wouldn't have thought of speaking. You do nothing but mope around lately; if it's another new dress that you are about to ask for, you had better go to your father."

Annie turned away with a bitter, resentful feeling. She had summoned all her resolution to mention the subject which weighed upon her mind, and now she was farther from it than ever.

"I do wish I knew what to do," she said, thoughtfully. "If I were to follow the dictates of my own mind, I should give Henry a favorable answer at once, but I feel that I am too inexperienced to trust entirely to my own unaided judgment. If I only had some older and wiser to whom I could go for aid and counsel, what a relief it would be!"

Her reflections were interrupted by the arrival of a carriage, and a moment later, Henry Willis was walking up the path leading to the porch where she was standing.

"Come with me for a ride, Annie," he said. "Father has sent me five miles into the country on business. I have only to deliver a message, and I thought it would be a glorious opportunity for combining business with pleasure, for if you go with me, he could not have given me a pleasanter holiday. And it is over such a pleasant road; such grand old trees, and noble farms, and lovely cottages. I've never been through there yet without wishing that you were with me to enjoy it, too, for nothing seems complete without you."

Annie needed but little urging, for his society had grown to be the sunshine of her existence. What a relief it seemed to listen to kind, appreciative words, and what a contrast between his

tender and affectionate manner and the monotonous indifference of home, broken only by the fretful and complaining tones of her mother; and as they passed along through the pleasant streets it seemed as though her soul had come out from a dark shadow into the pure sunshine of peace and happiness.

"Look at that cottage, Annie," said Henry, as they neared a neat and pretty building in the suburbs of the village to which he had purposely driven. "See how that prairie rose climbs over that porch and covers it all over with green leaves, bright buds and sweet flowers! Notice what a deep, cool shade that silver maple throws over the smooth, grassy yard. See what a grand, large tree protects the cottage from the rays of the morning sun. Now look at that path bordered with flowers, leading right up to that lovely cot that seems like a haven of rest after a day of labor, and father has promised to give me a deed of this on my wedding-day. Only say the word, Annie, and you shall be mistress of that perfect nest of a home before the setting of yonder sun. Our minister lives in the next house, only say yes, and it shall be Mrs. Henry Willis instead of Annie Allen that rides with me to-day; come, what do you say, my precious one?"

"I cannot; it is too sudden," she murmured, while at the same time a most tempting vision of the happiness that might be hers in such a home, with such a husband, flitted through her mind. How sweet life would be with no discord to mar the perfect peace of her days, and to know that she was sheltered from petty cares and cold indifference by the strong arm of his affection.

"Too sudden? well, there is no hurry, we can stop as we come back," he said, starting up the horses, whose pace he had slackened as they neared the minister's dwelling. "Just think, Annie, what a pleasant picture it would be for me to contemplate every evening as I should walk up that flower-bordered path, to see you standing upon that vine-wreathed porch, watching for my coming with that glad, welcoming smile with which I know you would greet me! And then the pleasant evenings in that cozy little parlor, with only you and I to talk over our plans and hopes of the future. And what an inexhaustible source of happiness will your sweet society be to me. I need you, Annie, to give my life a nobler object, a higher aim and purer motive."

"Your parents would be displeased with such a hasty proceeding," she said.

"Why, bless your dear little heart! father would be pleased with anything that made you mine, no matter how or when. He's trembling in his boots already for fear you won't accept me, and so am I, for that matter, and you know how much mother and the girls always thought of you, so that if your parents should be unreasonable, I can take you home at once, and you would be sure of a hearty welcome. Come, Annie, if you care anything for me, don't be obstinate now, but let me have my way this time, and I promise that your will shall be my law forever after."

Annie's heart was already enlisted in his favor; she had always longed for sympathy and tender-

ness, and now that all this was offered and urged upon her with such *convincing* arguments, before their return she had given a reluctant consent, and Henry drove hurriedly back to have the ceremony over before her resolution should fail her, and half an hour later she was Mrs. Henry Willis.

"Father," said the young man, after pausing at the store and calling the old gentleman out, "permit me to introduce Mrs. Henry Willis."

"Ah, ha! that is to be, I presume," said the old gentleman, smiling pleasantly.

"*My wife at this very moment*," Henry answered proudly.

"*What! not married already*," exclaimed the father, in pleased surprise.

"Yes," Henry answered, evidently enjoying his father's surprise.

"Well, now, ain't you rather rapid? but I congratulate you, nevertheless; Annie, I welcome you to our family circle most sincerely. We will drive home, Henry, and see if your mother and sisters will not be surprised."

"I should rather go home first," said Annie, pale and trembling with excitement, and speaking with a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Oh, yes, yes," said the good-natured old gentleman; "I see; they didn't quite understand it at home, eh? And you feel a little excited about it. Well, never mind, Annie; if you feel the least bit afraid, I'll just go around that way and tell them that it was all Henry's fault; and I know it was; talked so fast that you didn't have a chance to say that you would rather have a little more time, I'll warrant. He's a sad rogue; would have persuaded me that the sun set in the east long ago if I hadn't been uncommonly smart. But he sha'n't cheat you out of a good husband, Annie, if I can help it."

Annie felt grateful for the pleasant manner in which he had received her, but she thought that she could break the intelligence at home better than any one else.

"Shall I go in and help to bear the storm, if there is any?" asked Henry, as they stopped at Mr. Allen's gate.

"No; I will go alone," she answered; "and you can come later in the evening."

"Well, you've come at last, have you, after supper is all over, and most all the dishes washed?" said Mrs. Allen as Annie entered.

"I am almost glad that you are angry, mother," Annie said, "for it will be easier for me to tell you that you will no longer be troubled with such a useless daughter."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Allen, sharply.

Annie laid her marriage certificate upon the table before her.

"Why, Annie! What in the world did you mean by treating your parents so? To go off and get married without saying one word to us!"

"I came to you for the purpose of asking your advice, mother, and, before I could tell you, you told me that you supposed that I wanted a new dress, and had better go to father," Annie said, although she felt that her conduct was not at all justified by this.

"Why, Annie, you might have known that I didn't mean half what I said," replied Mrs. Allen, bursting into tears. "What will your father say?"

"I don't know," Annie answered, taking her certificate and hurrying to her father's office, with something of the feeling that a soldier may be supposed to have when compelled to march into battle.

"Why, what is the matter, child?" asked Mr. Allen, looking up in astonishment at the frightened expression of her pale face, as she held the certificate toward him.

He was silent for a moment after reading it, while Annie stood trembling like a frightened bird.

"Why, Annie," he said, slowly, "what impelled you to this hasty step? Why was I not consulted?"

"How did I know that you would care to listen to me, father?" she asked.

Mr. Allen was silent. He remembered how busy he had always been, and he could not tell when he had held conversation with his daughter upon any subject.

"But you might have confided in your mother," he said.

"I would have done so, father, if she had not spoken so sharply before I had time to make her understand me; but I really had no intention of taking so hasty a step. I knew nothing of it when I left home."

"Where is your husband?" he asked.

"At his father's store."

"Well, go home, Annie, and I will go that way and call for him; if he makes you a good husband, I shall bear him no ill-will."

Annie left her father's office with a lighter heart than she had entered it; but his feelings were less enviable than hers. He sat there looking back upon the past, since the time when Annie was a wee, toddling little creature, with bright, winsome ways and sweet, affectionate smile, and remembered how she used to come to him with all her little joys and sorrows, until the time when he became almost entirely indifferent to the few attractions of his home, and allowed himself to become completely absorbed by business, and almost unmindful of the tender little girl who missed his presence so sadly. He remembered, too, how soon the fair young wife that he had married had changed to the sour, fretful woman, with a nature requiring but little sympathy and giving little; and it was entirely to her that he had left his child, with so much of his own nature about her, that her mother's society had seemed strangely uncongenial.

"I cannot blame her," he said to himself. "Tis I that should be censured; if I had fully discharged my duties as a parent, she would not have been lacking as a daughter. It might be well enough, perhaps, if Henry could be a little less inclined to take care of number one; but I fear that Annie will be almost a slave to him in the course of time."

Mr. Allen's opinion was founded upon observation, and the experience which a shrewd man

acquires by long years of dealing and intercourse with his fellow-men, and which Annie, with her pure, guileless and unsuspecting nature, and scarcely more than a child in years, could not possibly understand. And it is in this respect that so many young people err. Having no experience of their own, they should not permit themselves to take irrevocable steps without counsel from those whose years, wisdom and relationship entitle them to give it.

"What are you going to do about Annie's undutiful conduct?" asked Mrs. Allen, at the first opportunity.

"Make the best of it," he replied; "there is no help for it now, and since I was not permitted to aid in selecting the man to whom her future happiness was to be entrusted, I will throw no shadow over her happiness now, by useless and untimely opposition. The whole world need not know that it was entirely unexpected to us, and the less said the better for all concerned."

"Good morning, Mr. Allen; a fine trick our young folks served us yesterday, wasn't it? I don't believe Annie was a bit to blame, though—all Henry's fault, I knew from the very first. The graceless scamp! If it was any one but Annie, I'd be tempted to kick him off my premises, but I am too well suited with the match to make any great fuss about it. Come down and see the cottage which I've bought for them."

"I think our children have acted very precipitously," said Mr. Allen, "but I suppose worse things have happened, and after we have examined the premises, we will take another walk together to the furniture store, and, with your assistance, I will select a complete outfit with which they may begin housekeeping."

Accordingly, everything was satisfactorily arranged, and the young people began life with every prospect of peace and prosperity before them.

Very happy was Annie in her new home during the rest of the summer and the ensuing winter. Henry was as devoted as the most exacting wife could desire. He never sought amusement in places which she might not frequent, and when he came home unusually late, she knew that he had been unusually busy. But there was no self-denial in spending his evenings at home. Mrs. Allen was a model housekeeper, and her daughter had been most thoroughly trained, and there was not a more attractive place in the village than the quiet home over which she presided; and besides attending to her household duties, Annie found time to read several of the leading periodicals, as well as many useful books, so that Henry not only found a home where good taste and order reigned supreme, but enjoyed the society of a refined, intelligent and entertaining woman; and if her young husband had a fault, Annie had not discovered it.

"Why don't you select a dress for Annie, before the choicest patterns are all gone?" asked Mr. Willis, one morning, after receiving a supply of new goods. His daughters, Belle and Jenny, were selecting dresses for themselves, but Annie had not thought of so doing.

"I didn't think of it," replied Henry.

"No, of course you didn't. You never think of anybody but yourself. Annie never asks for anything, and she might go barefooted before you would think to take her a pair of shoes. It's a wonder that she ever had you, with as much sense as she displays in everything else. Belle, pick out a dress for Annie, and see if Henry can think to take it home."

"Your remarks are very flattering, father," said Henry, with a smile.

"Flattering? Of course they are, but you can't deny anything I've said," grumbled the old gent.

"O Jenny," said Belle, "here is that very shade of coloring that is so becoming to Annie's complexion."

"Just what we want," said Jenny, "and now let us look for trimming to match."

"And buttons and lining," said Belle.

"And thread and hooks and eyes," said Mr. Willis.

And so, between them, the dress with all its belongings was finally done up, while Henry sat lazily watching the clouds of smoke which he puffed from his segar.

"Here is a dress for you, Annie," said Henry, as she came out to the gate to meet him at dinner-time.

"What a lovely color," said Annie, just looking in at the end of the bundle. "Thank you ever so much. You are always so thoughtful."

After Henry went back to the store, Annie undid the package to take a better view of it.

"Just the very shade that I like so well. I couldn't have pleased myself better," she said, throwing it over her shoulders and standing before the mirror to note the effect. "And everything with it; buttons, lining, trimming, even to hooks and eyes! What have I done that Heaven should have bestowed upon me the very best, kindest and most thoughtful husband in the world? And what can I do to be worthy of so great a blessing?"

Joyous, blissful Annie! would that she might never waken from her sweet dream of happiness.

"Belle," said Mr. Willis, not long after, "haven't you and Jenny bought new hats?"

"Yes," answered Belle.

"Then go down to the millinery store and get one for Annie. I noticed her at church last Sabbath, wearing her old one, and she might wear the last year's market-basket before Henry would notice it."

"I will," answered Belle. "She was with us when we purchased ours, and I know the very one which she most admires."

"And send a new parasol to match the hat, and a pair of gloves to match the parasol."

Again Henry carried home the articles, and again Annie's affectionate heart overran with thankfulness for such a husband, and gave him credit for anticipating all her wants, without so much as a hint from her.

A few more weeks passed with every moment laden with happiness to Annie, and enjoyment to her husband, and then Henry was stricken down with a malignant fever. How she watched him! Duty may impel one to do all that is necessary to

be done, but nothing but a true and unselfish devotion can anticipate every wish, and render it almost a luxury to be sick. Her hands bathed his head, smoothed his pillow, prepared his nourishment; and she sat for hours beside his bed, clasping his hand in her own, that her soothing presence might lull him to sweeter repose. In that, nothing could exceed her unceasing watchfulness until he was pronounced out of danger, and then there was time to notice how very pale and worn she looked.

"Why don't you let some one else hand him a drink when you are so tired?" asked Jenny one day, as Annie returned from the well with a pitcher of water.

"How do I know that any one else would bring it directly from the well?" asked Annie.

"You don't know it," Jennie replied; "for the water which you threw out had not been in more than twenty minutes, and I thought it was good enough."

"Only the *very best* is good enough for Henry," Annie answered, with a smile, as she raised his head with one hand and held a glass to his lips with the other.

"You see that I am better, father," said the young man, as Mr. Willis entered a few days after the crisis had passed, and he was beginning to mend.

"Better? Of course you are. I haven't been uneasy about you. I knew that all the doctors in the State couldn't kill you with Annie to take care of you; and I can scarcely express my thankfulness at seeing you looking so well. But Annie can't endure it much longer; she must have rest. When I go home I'll send Belle over to stay all day and take care of you."

And accordingly Belle came.

"How often do you think that Henry called Annie during two hours while I was there yesterday?" she asked the following morning when the family had assembled at the breakfast-table.

"Twenty times, I'll warrant," said Mr. Willis. "Twenty times, if he did once."

"It was fifty. I counted just to satisfy my own curiosity. It was, 'Annie, won't you hand me a drink?' 'Annie, won't you close that shutter?' 'Annie, won't you smooth this pillow?' 'Annie, won't you raise the window?' every other minute."

"Has he done so ever since he has been sick?" asked his younger brother.

"No," said Belle, "for Annie has attended to all these things just before he was ready to speak about them; but yesterday she was *resting*. She lay upon the sofa in the same room, and although I did everything that he required before she could rise and get to him, she got up and started every time."

"He'll kill her in another week," said Mr. Willis. "Her strength is taxed to the utmost now."

"I guess she can stand it as well as I always have," said Mrs. Willis, rather crustily. "I guess if you were as much interested in your own family it would be just as well."

"Really, mother," he replied, "I don't see how

you have endured so much. Your weight was one hundred and twenty pounds when we were married, and I have treated you so barbarously that you have pined all the way down to one hundred and sixty! But if I am lacking in my duty as a parent, let the girls say wherein. My girls are like birds. Belle and Jennie are free; they fly where they list, and cull what they will of life's fruits and flowers. Annie is caged, and, if left unprovided for, must die from neglect."

"I think a wife has *some* duties as well as a husband," said Mrs. Willis, who could not bear that a shadow of blame should rest upon her idolized son.

"I am glad of it, mother," returned her husband. "I have been hoping that you would see matters in that light this many a year, and if it is beginning to dawn upon you now, I shall be truly grateful."

And without waiting for further discussion, he arose and walked away to Henry's residence. He was very fond and proud of his children, and of none more than Henry; but his kind and noble nature was too just, and he was too discerning, to allow his partiality for Henry to make him unjust to Annie; and "his own personal experience had taught him how wearisome it is to attend to a selfish and exacting invalid."

"I've come to stay with you to-day, my son, and let Annie rest," he said, as he entered the sick-room, and began to relieve his pockets of various little luxuries which he thought the invalid might relish. "Annie, it will be quieter in the next room, and I'll just take this sofa in there," he said, proceeding to wheel it out. "Now I'll put it right by this window, where you can breathe the odors of this sweet briar. I'll take good care of Henry, and I want you to go to sleep and sleep soundly."

"I don't know of any one to whom I would be more willing to trust him; but don't you think that he would be better satisfied if I were to remain in the room?" she asked.

"We might keep you awake; and I am certain that it is best for you to stay here; and if Henry don't keep quiet, I'll get a sprout and finish what I left undone when he was a boy."

Annie threw herself upon the sofa, and had scarcely closed her eyes before, overcome by utter weariness, she fell asleep. Mr. Willis took a newspaper from his pocket and sat down near his son's bedside.

"Annie!" said Henry, after the lapse of about ten minutes.

"Shut up!" exclaimed Mr. Willis, bouncing up like a rubber ball, and seizing a slipper that lay near. "Shut up, or I'll jam this down your throat! What do you want?"

"Some lemonade," replied Henry, smiling at his father's earnest manner; "but I don't think you can make it as good as Annie does."

"I can make it good enough for you, or any of your relations," said Mr. Willis, taking a lemon from the table and beginning to cut it up.

It was not long till Annie came in to inquire how Henry was getting along without her.

"All right, all right, child; go back and sleep.

He is entirely out of danger now, and I can attend to him just as well as you. I can keep you quiet, can't I, Henry?"

"Yes; she need have no fears on that account," said the invalid, smiling at the different methods of accomplishing the same thing.

The weeks passed away, and Henry had grown strong and well, when it came Annie's turn to need care and attention, for a dear little head lay upon her arm, and a tiny form nestled upon her bosom. And who can imagine the depth of pride and tenderness which the little germ of humanity created in the hearts of his young parents, when two grandfathers, two grandmothers and all the uncles and aunts came to see the little stranger.

"Don't you think he looks like me?" said Henry, proudly regarding the little bundle of flannel and humanity that was being passed around among the grandparents.

"Like you? he's a confounded sight better looking! looks more like me," said Mr. Willis.

"His hair and eyes are like Annie's," said Mrs. Allen.

"His mouth and chin belong to our side of the house," said Mrs. Willis.

"What shall his name be?" asked Mr. Allen.

"We will name him after the two best men in the world," said Mr. Willis.

"And who may that be?" asked Henry.

"Why, Mr. Allen and myself, of course, who did you suppose?" replied Mr. Willis.

"But what if I should object?" asked Henry.

"You won't be consulted," returned the grandfather. "I guess we can have the privilege of naming our own grandchild, especially as there are two of us, and although you feel grand enough for half a dozen, you are only one. His name is Allen Adrian Willis."

(To be concluded in next number.)

OUR DEAR OLD MAMMY.*

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

CAN human friendship display a tenderer tie than that which has ever existed between the negro nurses of the South and the white children whose heads have been pillowed upon their faithful breasts? Whatever may be the prejudices of race, they all vanish in regard to the dear old "Mammy" of our infancy. The Southern Democrat, who is roused to indignation by the very mention of "Civil Rights," becomes "as a little child" in his Mammy's presence, respectfully offers her a chair, and treats her with the courtesy due to his foster-mother. The refined and polished lady of the South, who shrinks in horror from the idea of social intercourse with negroes, throws her arms around her Mammy's neck and presses her fair cheek to the dear old face which bent lovingly over her cradle.

The negro has been an interesting study to me, from the days of my childhood, when my favorite seat was upon the dropsical feet of my Mammy, as she rested them upon a cushion, and never dis-

lodged me, but painfully shifted them aside and bestowed on me a pleasant smile in return for the look of heartfelt affection with which I regarded her honest brown face. How often have I disputed with my little sisters the pleasure of sleeping with her; how often have I felt a guilty pang as I laid my cheek to hers and realized that I loved her better than my mother! For her slipper never was substituted for Solomon's rod; she never told us with a serious air that it was "her duty to punish us." Mammy often told us that her mother was a king's daughter in her native land, and our ideas of royalty were much confused in the attempt to reconcile her statements as to court life in Africa with the lessons from English history which mother was beginning to teach us. However, we thought it quite right that Mammy, being of royal descent, should have her meals carried to her on a waiter by another servant, after mother had filled the large picture-covered bowl with coffee, and supplied the plate with blue flowers on it from every dish on the table. How delighted we were when the presence of visitors or a slight indisposition confined us to the nursery and we, too, had our meals sent up to us, and could sit at Mammy's little table and get a sip of her strong coffee or taste the highly-seasoned viands from her plate, instead of the simple bread and milk to which we were limited when in mother's sight.

Mammy had her own ideas about bringing up children; and as she had successfully reared a brood of twelve in our grandmother's nursery, mother very willingly handed over each new comer to the tender hands which had ever a ready welcome for the little stranger. One of her rules was that the children "must get their sleep out," and we were never harshly roused, but always woke smiling to the crooning song improvised for our benefit, with a pet name for each of her darlings, from "King"—as she always called our sunny-haired brother—to the little "Birdie" which mourned away its feeble little life in her arms. How vividly I recall the aspect of our nursery as it appeared each morning of my childhood; when everything having been put in order, and the children, clean and smiling, were perched in the deep window-seats, Mammy placed her rocking-chair in the centre of the room, so that there could be no danger of anybody stumbling over it, drew out her yarn knitting, and, laying it in her lap, opened the little Bible which never seemed to be out of her reach. She always seemed to me to look over instead of through her large brass spectacles as she read, half aloud, in a sing-song voice, the blessed words of which she seemed never to weary. In those "good old times" colored people were not supposed to want to read anything but the Bible, and I often wonder what Mammy would have thought of the reckless way in which they handle newspapers and "Fifth Readers" in these days. What a comfort that little brown Bible was to Mammy, to be sure; and how serenely she read on while we played around her, in no wise disturbed when the exigencies of the doll's wardrobe required some pins and we all rushed to search Mammy's turban, which served as an unailing

* Christian Union.

pincushion, and was constantly replenished as she swept the floor.

I remember the consternation in the nursery one morning, when Mammy, having gone to sleep while reading as usual, the little Bible, which had long been in a critical state, dropped from her hands in pieces on the floor. Mammy looked very mournful over the fragments, but mother, who chanced to come in just then, said she could repair its injuries, and when she brought back the book in a blue pasteboard cover its owner was very much pleased, and we children declared, after a careful examination, that it was nicer than ever.

On rainy days, when all other amusements failed, Mammy sometimes offered, if we would be very good, to show us the contents of her trunk, and let us taste her preserves, or have a party and use her tea-set, which was pink-flowered, and, as we all decided privately, much handsomer than mother's, which was only gilt-edged. The old hair-trunk which contained Mammy's treasures was a perfect wonder-box to us, and we gazed, awestruck, as she displayed one or two stately silk dresses, queer old satin bonnets and gay shawls, and told us of the elegant visitors in four-horse coaches who had been wont to come to my grandfather's house in her young days. Her accounts of these fine people, and the fact that grandmother's cook was the king's daughter aforesaid, made us think that those must have been very fine times indeed, and we sighed as we compared our simple home surroundings and calico frocks with such fine doings, and regretted that we had fallen in such degenerate days. But a sad day came to us in reality at last, when, on a sunny spring morning, Mammy, who had been failing for some time, said her hands were trembling too much to hold the baby, and she laid it in the cradle, and went, as mother advised, to sit by the kitchen-fire. And a little while after there was a great outcry, for Mammy had fallen on the floor, and when the doctor, who was sent for at once, looked at her, he said she was paralyzed. For the first time in our lives there was no one to look after the children, and we all wandered about the place, feeling very strange and dismal. After a while we were called into Mammy's room, where she lay, speechless, but conscious, on the bed, and mother, whose face was swollen with weeping, sat by her, reading tender promises and words of comfort from the little pasteboard-covered Bible, which had been Mammy's guide in her long pilgrimage, and was now her light in the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death. Nobody had said then that there was any contamination in laying the body of an old servant in the same cemetery which contained the graves of the family whom she and her people had served long and faithfully, and when Mammy died she was laid to rest near the grave of our little sister, and mother said she felt as if Birdie would not be lonely now that Mammy was close by her. It was very dismal that evening after the funeral, and mother and father came and sat in the nursery, because there was no one who could be trusted with the children, and we were all very quiet until little Netty

said, "O mother, you can't have any more babies now, because there is nobody to nurse them." Father smiled, but mother began to cry again, and we all joined her.

On the sunny slope of a Virginia hillside, where the rose and the woodbine bloom and fade undisturbed, where five generations of her master's family are sleeping, and the grand old mountains cast their solemn shadows on the graves, stands a humble little marble monument erected to the memory of the dear "old Mammy" of our childhood. When the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise, may the blest words come to all who sleep there, as I doubt not they will come to that true and loving heart, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

DEBORAH NORMAN:*

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. CONRAD understood the sign too well. An exclamation of alarm rose to her lips, but she kept it back with an instant repression.

"She will be better lying down," said the doctor, with professional calmness.

Very gently, holding in check her struggling excitement, did Mrs. Conrad return the head of Deborah to the pillow from which she had raised it a few moments before. For a little while the fair girl lay very still, with eyes closely shut, like one resting after fatigue or exhaustion. But the irritation which had produced the fits of coughing soon returned, followed by another and severer paroxysm.

Deborah had not seen the streaks of blood on the handkerchief with which Mrs. Conrad wiped her lips; but now, the deeper stains that revealed the sure and rapid progress of a fatal malady could not be hidden from her sight. Her face flushed and there was for a moment or two a startled and half-frightened look in her eyes.

"Lie very still, child," said Mrs. Conrad, in a low, quiet voice, out of which she had pushed every sign of alarm, as she laid Deborah back again after this second fit of coughing was over. "Don't stir hand nor foot for a little while."

As Mrs. Conrad and the doctor stood over the girl, looking anxiously down upon her face, they saw its expression change. Her lips, which were shut firmly, as if to hold down a feeling of pain or alarm, gradually relaxed their slight rigor, and softened to a tender revelation of the peace and trust that were coming into her soul. The quick respiration subsided, her eyelids closed and her breath came and went with the gentle movement seen in a sleeping child. Silence, peace, rest. How deep they were! An influence, its source unseen, but felt as clearly as any external impression, had wrought a change in the mental atmos-

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where breathed by the inmates of that room. Wholly passive to these was the pale, sweet girl lying there with shut lids. As for Mrs. Conrad, to use her own words in referring to the scene, "It seemed as if angels were all about us, and I expected every moment to see them start out of the air." Even the doctor felt as he had never felt before in the presence of the sick or the dying.

"I've heard about the gate of Heaven," he said to a friend long afterward, "and I never expect to stand as near it again while I live in this world as when I stood that day in the chamber of Deborah Norman."

A knock at the room door broke the spell with two of its inmates—the doctor and Mrs. Conrad. Answering the summons, the latter was informed by her servant that a gentleman had called and wished to see her.

"Who is he?" she asked in a whisper.

But the girl did not know the man's name.

"There are three or four people down-stairs," she added, "and they want to know how Miss Deborah is."

"Say that she is very ill, and that I can't go down just now."

The girl retired, but came back in a few moments with word that the gentleman who had called said he must see Miss Norman at once.

"Did he tell you his name?" asked Mrs. Conrad.

"No, ma'am. I asked him, but he said it was no matter. He's a young man; and he's walking about the floor in a dreadful uneasy way."

"You'll remain until I come back?" said Mrs. Conrad to the doctor, speaking in a whisper, and then left the room.

At the foot of the stairs she was met by two or three ladies, one of them Mrs. Judge Levering, who asked anxiously after Deborah. They had heard a strange story, they said, about Mrs. Conrad having been seen in the street with the girl in her arms, and had hurried round to learn what it meant. A handsome young man, a stranger to all present, came out of the parlor, and stood listening as Mrs. Conrad replied to their inquiries, his manner betraying intense interest and alarm.

"Why, you see," said Mrs. Conrad, trying to collect her thoughts, "Deacon Strong got it into his head that he must see her about something, and Mrs. Strong came over for her in their carriage. I said, No; 'twasn't right to take her out, and 'twouldn't be safe. That she wasn't strong enough to bear the excitement. But all I could say went for nothing. As soon as she heard that the deacon wanted to see her, she said she would go; and go she did! Well, the deacon wanted to have a talk with her all alone, and every one of us went out. I felt awful stirred up about it, for I knew how weak the poor child was; and I talked out my mind rather freely to the deacon's wife, for you know when I do get stirred up I don't mince things. It was very still in the room. We could hear a weak sound of voices, and that was all. It went on for I can't say how long; but it seemed like a year to me, I was so anxious about her. All at once I heard the deacon cry out in a frightened way. He struck his bell loud in the

same minute. I got into the room first, and saw Deborah sitting up in the chair where we had placed her, just in front of the deacon, looking as white as a ghost. She would have fallen to the floor in the next moment if I hadn't sprung forward and caught her in my arms. She was in a dead faint! The doctor came, and we tried all we could to bring her to, but she seemed clean gone. Then I got kind of desperate, and picking her up in my arms—she didn't seem to me heavier than a three months old baby—I ran down-stairs with her, and out into the street, and home.

Exclamations of surprise and anxious suspense followed this recital.

"We brought her to at last," continued Mrs. Conrad; "but, oh dear! it's killed her! I said all I could against her going, but—"

"Killed her!" cried the young man, in a voice that startled the group of women. He had been standing a little way off, but now pressed up to Mrs. Conrad, and caught hold of her with a hard grip. "Killed her!" he repeated, half-wildly. "What do you mean?"

The surprise occasioned by so strange an incident held Mrs. Conrad mute. She stared at the young man with a blank, bewildered face.

"I must see her!" he added, forcing back his agitation, and speaking in a husky voice; and he made a movement as if about to pass Mrs. Conrad. This brought her back to self-possession.

"I do not know who you are, sir," she said, with some dignity of manner, yet not unkindly, nor as one offended by an undue liberty in a stranger; "nor what you may be to Miss Norman. But you can't see her now. Her condition is one of great danger; and only in perfect freedom from excitement is there any hope."

Then speaking to all present, she added: "And now, friends, let me ask of you to go away and leave her alone with me and the doctor. You will understand the necessity of this when I tell you that she is bleeding at the lungs."

The low, sorrowful murmurs that greeted this announcement were drowned in the half-suppressed cry that came from the young man's lips.

The women retired from the house quietly, but the stranger went back into the parlor, where he sat down, covering his face with his hands. For a little while Mrs. Conrad stood in a hesitating attitude, listening for any sound that might come from the chamber above. She could not go up and leave this strange young man in the parlor; at least not until she had held an interview with him, and made sure that he would not attempt to see Deborah without her permission. Before she had decided just what to do, he had started up, and was coming toward the door. As she advanced to meet him, she saw that his countenance wore an expression of the deepest anguish. His lips were pale, and quivered as he tried to speak.

"Bleeding at the lungs, did you say?" he stammered, rather than spoke. He was trembling all over.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Conrad.

"Badly?"

"Not yet."

"Oh, thank God!" He caught his breath. A light flashed into his face.

"Is she very weak? Has she been sick long? What has been the matter with her?" He crowded the questions eagerly.

"Very weak," said Mrs. Conrad, quieting her voice so as to quiet him, if possible. "And now, I need hardly say that everything depends on her being kept perfectly quiet. Any sudden disturbance might kill her in an instant."

"Then," answered the young man, "she must not be told that I am here. Go back to her; and as soon as there is a change for the better or worse, let me know."

On returning to the chamber, Mrs. Conrad found Deborah lying with closed lids like one in sleep, all the rest and heavenly sweetness last seen on her face still there. As she shut the door, the girl's large eyes opened. How bright they were—how loving and peaceful!

Mrs. Conrad sat down by the bedside, laying her fingers in a few light touches on Deborah's forehead and then smoothing back with gentle motions the hair from her snowy temples.

"She is better," said the doctor, coming forward, "but must remain very still. There must be no talking nor moving about."

Deborah smiled up into his face but did not speak. Mrs. Conrad went out with him, and on shutting the chamber door, said, in a low voice and with much concern: "Isn't there danger of a bad hemorrhage? Mayn't she break a large blood-vessel in a spell of coughing and go right off?"

"No; I think not," replied the doctor. "The blood we saw just now is from congestion, not lesion. Still, only in perfect quiet is there safety."

"There's a young man down-stairs, doctor. He's a stranger; but he knows Miss Norman. He came here once before—a good while ago. I wish you'd talk to him, and try to get him to go away. If Miss Norman finds out that he's here, it will throw her all back."

The doctor went down to the parlor. The young man—it was Philip Cheston, whom the reader will remember—started up on his entrance and came hastily forward to meet him.

"You are the physician?" he queried.

"Yes."

"How is Miss Norman? Do you think her out of danger?" The young man could not repress his agitation.

"She is ill," replied the doctor, "but in no immediate danger, I trust."

"She's had a hemorrhage?"

"Slight, only."

"Have you checked it?"

"Yes; for the present."

"Are her lungs much affected?"

"I have not examined them, and, therefore, cannot tell."

The young man pressed his questions.

"Let us go from here," said the doctor. "Our voices may reach her chamber; and if she should recognize yours, it might produce a dangerous disturbance. Everything, as you know, depends, in a case like this, on perfect freedom from excitement."

"Who is that talking with the doctor?" asked Deborah, as the sound of voices from below reached her ears. Mrs. Conrad saw a rapid change in the expression of her face. She had turned her eyes toward the door and was listening intently.

The sounds ceased. A few moments afterward, Mrs. Conrad heard the outside door shut.

"I do not hear any one," she replied.

"It was a man's voice," said Deborah.

"The doctor speaking to Jenny as he went out,"

But Mrs. Conrad saw, from the still changed expression of Deborah's countenance that she did not accept this explanation.

"Or to somebody who happened to meet him at the door," she added.

Deborah closed her eyes; but the serene and peaceful look did not come back to her face. Her lips drew closer together, and the warm spots which had faded from her cheeks became distinct once more.

The doctor walked as far as the hotel with Philip Cheston, answering his queries concerning Deborah with as many particulars as he could give about her life and work in Kedron. He had his own curiosity touching the young stranger who dropped in among them nearly two years before, coming no one knew from whence; but Cheston did not satisfy it in any way—evading his queries, or maintaining a complete silence.

As Cheston entered the hotel, he passed two men, who were talking in an excited manner. The face of one looked familiar. He had seen him somewhere, but was not at the moment able to recall the time or place. On parting from the doctor, he went into the parlor, which was unoccupied, and sat down close to one of the windows that looked out upon a rear piazza. Soon after, he noticed the two men, whom he had passed in the hall, walking up and down this piazza. One of them, a large man, with iron-gray hair and dark skin, seemed much disturbed; while his companion, who was younger and smaller, maintained a cool exterior. Suddenly pausing, while close by the window near which Cheston sat, the elder of the two men raised his clenched hand and exclaimed: "If that girl comes to any harm through you, Victor Howe, I'll murder you!"

Cheston could see the face of the speaker. It was full of passion, and his eyes had a threatening flash. His companion, taken by surprise, moved back a step or two, and looked at him in evident doubt as to whether he were in earnest or not.

"Don't be a fool, Spangler!" he replied, with a forced laugh. "What's the girl to you? She's pretty, and sweet, and, and—"

"Victor Howe!" broke in the other, interrupting him, while his face grew darker and more threatening, "I go farther. If I see you with Fanny Williams again, I'll shoot you down as though you were a dog!"

There was no mistaking the man's earnestness now. His eyes gleamed and murder looked from every lineament of his countenance.

"Forewarned, forearmed," answered the young man, coolly. His face had grown suddenly pale.

"You are forewarned. What follows must depend on yourself," said Spangler, with a deep

growl in his voice. "I don't care about having your blood on my hands, but I shall stand between you and that girl, come what will. So count the cost before you go a step farther. You ought to know me by this time."

"I've never gone out of my way at the bidding of any man," replied Howe, speaking slowly, "and I don't mean to begin now. This is my affair; not yours."

"I've said my say, young man, and shall not unsay it," returned Spangler, growing cooler, but not less emphatic. "You have fair warning."

Howe turned away and walked to the other end of the piazza, where he stood for a little while and then came back.

"See here, Spangler," addressing his companion, who had not moved from his place near the window, "I don't want to have any trouble with you. That girl's my game; not yours. I was near hunting her down several months ago, and would have caught the pretty thing then if it hadn't been for that meddling young Quakeress who prayed Sandy Spieler out of his bar-room. She came pouncing down upon us more like an eagle than a dove, and bore the girl away in her talons. Faugh! But she's out of the way now; laid on the shelf for good and all, they say—going to die! And the coast is clear again. The girl fought shy for a time; but she's coming round. I have a way with the pretty creatures, you know; and they can't resist me."

Howe was running on after this fashion, when Spangler stooped toward him, and with a grip that was a stroke and a clutch at the same time, laid his hand upon his shoulder, a fierce imprecation breaking from his lips. The young man struggled to free himself, but Spangler held him as in a vice. Cheston, who had started from his seat, and was standing close to the window, saw Howe thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat and draw forth a pistol. Obeying the impulse that seized him, he threw open the window, and, springing out upon the piazza, struck the weapon down ere it could be fired.

The two men drew apart, each regarding Cheston with a scowl. He stooped, and taking up the pistol placed it one of his pockets, remarking as he did so: "It will be safer here, for the present."

The very coolness of his manner held their anger in check. The moment Howe confronted him, and they looked clearly at each other, the countenances of both changed. There was a mutual recognition. The effect produced on the two men by this recognition was in marked contrast. Cheston drew himself up and away, the surprise on his face mingled with something like contempt and abhorrence; while Howe seemed to shrink and cower before him, all the red stains of passion fading out, and leaving him pale.

"Carl Ransom!" Cheston held the young man with his eyes as he pronounced his real name in a stern voice.

Neither bravado nor levity met this recognition, but only signs of alarm.

"Carl Ransom!" exclaimed Spangler, recovering from the surprise into which he was thrown. "This man is not Carl Ransom!"

"You called him Howe a little while ago," was replied. "But his real name is Ransom. He's a fugitive from justice, as you may know; and if the law once gets its hands on him, it will find other employment for his spare hours than hunting down innocence. How near is your mayor's office or police station?"

There was no mere threat, but a purpose in the voice of Cheston as he made this inquiry. Howe, or Ransom, as he was truly named, on perceiving this, gave way to an instinct of fear, and stepped quickly back from the piazza into the hall. Hurrying through, he made his way to the street.

"A good citizen cannot shrink from duty," was Cheston's answer, as Spangler urged him to "let the poor devil go," and not soil his hands with him. "If this man had been in prison, where he belongs, the innocent young girl for whose safety you interposed just now would not have been in his toils, nor your life in the imminent peril I found it a little while ago. It is to save the weak and the good that evil has to be restrained, and evil men punished. I shall certainly give information against this fellow, and have him brought again to justice. The public good demands it."

"You are right, no doubt," said Spangler. "But I couldn't tell on the poor devil. Carl Ransom! Is it possible? I never felt right about him. He's a sharp one; always cool and steady, and on the alert. But he had a look in his eyes that made me creep sometimes—that is when I could see squarely into them, which was not often."

"What has he been doing here? Is he in any business?" asked Cheston.

Spangler gave a meaning shrug as he replied: "He's one of the chaps that don't have any visible means of support."

"And yet manage to keep their pocket-books well filled," said Cheston.

"He always had plenty of money to spend," remarked Spangler.

Cheston turned to go, saying: "I must do what my conscience tells me is right. How near is your mayor's office?"

"Only two streets distant. But you might as well spare yourself the trouble of giving information against this man. He won't be taken easily. I saw from his movements, as he went out just now, that he meant to put the longest possible distance between himself and any pursuers you might set upon his track. A fox that has been hunted doesn't linger a moment after hearing the bay of a hound, no matter how far off it may be. Howe, or rather Ransom, is a hunted fox, and has all the fox's swiftness and cunning. He will distance his enemies, you may depend on that."

"How that may be it is impossible for me to tell. Fugitives from justice do not always escape. I must do my duty as a good citizen, let the come out be what it may."

"All right," returned Spangler. "You must be the judge of your own actions. Turn to the left when you go out, and a couple of streets down you will see the mayor's office."

Even as Philip Cheston left the hotel, Ransom, mounted on a swift horse, came slowly out from

a livery stable not a hundred rods from the police station, looking to any common observer cool and unconcerned. He walked his horse until he rounded the nearest corner, then broke into a trot, which steadily increased in rapidity until he gained a road in the suburbs of the town that passed into a woods. The moment he was free from observation he quickened the speed of his horse, and, ere the authorities of Kedron had decided on pursuit and arrest, was full ten miles distant.

The horse on which he rode away was found and returned to its owners a week afterward; but the fugitive had dropped out of sight, leaving no trace behind.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. CONRAD withdrew from the bedside, and I going to a distant part of the chamber sat down, stilling even the rustle of her garments. There was a heavy weight on her heart. She had come to love this sick girl with a tenderness deep and strong as a mother's. The stains of blood on the frothy mucus which had been coughed up were, to her, fatal signs. The doctor had tried to make light of them; but she regarded his words as only an evasion. Perfect quiet she knew to be essential, and this she meant to secure; at least for several days to come, and until the present danger was over.

She was watching Deborah, who lay with closed eyes, her face pale and waxen, yet without signs of emaciation. The rest and sweetness that had come over it, but which faded out when she caught the sound of a man's voice in the parlor, had not yet returned. Asleep, thought Mrs. Conrad, with a feeling of relief; for she knew the value of sleep. But even as she said the word mentally, Deborah's large, bright eyes opened and looked at her with an earnestness that brought her instantly to the bedside.

"What is it, dear?" she asked. "What can I do for you?"

"Thee must tell me truly," said Deborah, speaking in a whisper, "for truth, thee knows, harms less than doubt. There was another man besides the doctor down-stairs. Who was it?"

"I don't know who he was," replied Mrs. Conrad. "Somebody that called to ask about you."

"Did thee see him?"

"Yes."

Deborah's eyes were fixed on Mrs. Conrad's face, reading its slightest change of expression.

"Had thee ever seen him before?"

A slight hesitation, and then—"Yes; once."

"Where?"

"He called to see you several months ago. You remember the time."

Deborah's eyes shut slowly, and a faint sigh stirred her bosom.

"Thank thee," she said, looking up after the lapse of a considerable time. Mrs. Conrad noticed a glimmer of tears. "It was best for thee to tell me."

The long lashes dropped down again, and Mrs. Conrad, as she sat anxiously gazing upon Debo-

rah's face, saw it take on a softer and more peaceful expression, though its sober look remained. She watched her until she lapsed away into a sleep, from which she did not awaken for nearly two hours. Then she had a severe spell of coughing; but there was no return of the bleeding. The doctor came in soon after and found her condition more favorable than he had expected. He still enjoined perfect quiet.

After he had gone away Deborah said to Mrs. Conrad: "Thee must tell me when he calls. I wish to see him."

"You cannot see him to-day nor to-morrow, either," replied Mrs. Conrad, speaking with great decision of manner. "The doctor has forbidden it."

"Forbidden me to see him!" Deborah's voice betrayed surprise.

"Not him in particular; but anybody. And I'm going to mind the doctor."

Mrs. Conrad saw a shade of disappointment.

"Don't be a weak, foolish child; but a sensible woman," she urged. "It might be as much as your life is worth. We can't spare you out of Kedron yet. I can't spare you, and am going to do my best to keep you." And she kissed the girl's forehead lovingly.

Deborah's eyes filled with tears.

"I must see him. It will do me no harm. You cannot judge of this as well as I can."

"Not until to-morrow. To-day's excitement has almost killed you," answered Mrs. Conrad.

"The excitement of waiting will be worse than the excitement of seeing him," said Deborah. "Thee must let me have my way, friend Conrad. If thee knew what was in my heart thee would not make opposition."

"You beat all for self-will I ever met in my life," returned Mrs. Conrad, losing her patience.

"Not self-will, but obedience to duty," replied Deborah, in a low, even voice.

"Duty! It's no one's duty to commit suicide."

"God will take care of me."

"Humph! Small care He took of you this morning; and small care He's taken of you since you've been going against His laws. One of the things God can't, or won't do, is to see after people who go jumping into lions' dens and fiery furnaces. He lets 'em burn or be eaten up, as I've said before. We've got to use our reason and judgment and take care of ourselves, Miss Norman. That's what He gave us reason and judgment for."

"I am His servant to do His will," weakly answered Deborah. "I heard His voice this morning, and obeyed the call. There was no one else to take the message He wished to send, and so He sent me. It will all be right."

A look of heavenly peace came into her face. As she spoke, the feelings of Mrs. Conrad underwent a change. Deborah seemed as one lifted from the earth, and moving away from her—"drifting heavenward," as she afterward expressed it.

Both were silent after this; Deborah lying with closed eyes like one in restful sleep, and so remaining for a long time. Mrs. Conrad had risen

and was about leaving the room, when she heard a man speaking at the street door. Deborah heard also, and her eyes came wide open.

"Thee will let him see me," she said.

There was something in the tones of her voice that Mrs. Conrad could not resist. Without replying, she went down-stairs, and met Mr. Cheston in the hall.

"How is she?" asked the young man, with repressed anxiety.

"Better; but very weak," replied Mrs. Conrad, assuming the gravest possible demeanor.

"Any return of the hemorrhage?"

"No."

Philip Cheston had entered the little parlor.

"Do you consider her dangerously ill?" His voice quivered as he put the question.

"There may be no immediate danger; but she'll never be well again. She's just killed herself doing good—or trying to do it; which is all the same."

"Never be well again!"

"No, sir; I'm afraid not. It looks as if she'd brought on a galloping consumption, the way she's going. I've seen the likes before. Doesn't she come of a consumptive family?"

Mrs. Conrad put the question sharply, and with a tone of mingled anxiety and suspense. It sent a quiver of pain to the face of Cheston. Mrs. Conrad was watching him closely.

"Is her mother living?" she asked, after waiting a few moments for an answer.

Cheston only shook his head.

"Has she been dead long?"

"She died when Deborah was only a baby."

"Of consumption?"

"I don't know. I never heard," replied Cheston. His voice was unsteady.

"Has she sisters?"

"No."

"Nor any near relatives?" Mrs. Conrad's curiosity was beginning to override her feelings.

"I think not."

"Where did she live before she came here?"

"Has she not told you?" asked Philip, with surprise.

"Never a word."

The young man dropped his eyes from the questioning gaze of Mrs. Conrad, and remained silent.

At this moment there came from Deborah's room the faint sound of a bell, and Mrs. Conrad turned away and ran up-stairs. It was nearly five minutes before she came back. Philip Cheston had not ceased his restless walk from side to side of the parlor an instant during her absence.

"Please walk up, sir. Miss Norman wants to see you," said the old lady.

"Will it be best? Will it be safe?" asked the young man.

"No; I am sure it will not," replied Mrs. Conrad, speaking in a very downright way. "I've said all I could; but when her mind's once set on a thing you can't turn her any more than you can turn the wind. The doctor's positive about her being kept from all excitement."

Philip stood undetermined what to do.

"If I were you, I'd put off seeing her until to-morrow," said Mrs. Conrad. "That will give her time to gain a little strength. Just think, sir! she went to see Deacon Strong this morning—it wasn't with my consent, you may be sure—and we had to leave them all alone together. I don't know what they talked about; but she must have got stirred up dreadfully with something he said to her, for she broke down and fainted dead away; and when she came to she fell a coughing, and broke a small blood vessel. Now it stands to reason that she oughtn't to have any more excitement to-day. It's as much as her life's worth."

"You're right—altogether right," returned Philip. "I see it as plainly as yourself."

"Shall I tell her that you will call again to-morrow?"

The young man stood hesitating for a little while.

"Yes," he answered, his voice husky and disappointed.

Mrs. Conrad went back to Deborah. As she opened the door of her room, she encountered her large, bright eyes, in which she saw an instant change.

"He will come to see you in the morning. We both think you've had enough excitement to-day. That will do as well, will it not?"

The shade of disappointment left Deborah's eyes. A softer expression settled about her lips. The old, sweet peace returned.

"It will be best," she said. "I will see him in the morning."

At ten o'clock on the next day Philip Cheston came. Deborah had passed a comfortable night, and appeared stronger; but she was silent and absorbed, and had the appearance of one who had been in company with angels. She reached out her hand as Philip came to the bedside, and gazed into his face with a look that held him back from any outburst of feeling, or from the utterance of a single passionate word. There was nothing cold or repellant in her countenance—nothing meant to set him off to a distance. But he saw no earthly love in its beautified expression; only a divine sweetness and concern that touched and penetrated his inmost consciousness. She was lifted out of the sphere of natural affection; and he felt that she could be nothing to him now but a ministering angel. The hand that still lay in his sent no magnetic thrill to his heart; but its firm clasp and pressure were like those of a hand seeking to save from peril, or to hold back from danger. All this flashed upon him in an instant.

How changed she was since their last meeting! Then he had seen her standing, as it were, only a little way off from him, her personal loveliness increased by the intervening distance, and filling his heart with a deeper passion. Now the old personal charms were veiled under a spiritual grace and beauty that were ineffable. He saw before him an angel, and not a woman. It took some moments of strong self-repression for Philip Cheston to readjust his feelings, and hide from Deborah the inner conflict that was shaking his life to the centre. That she was drifting out upon

a sea from which no ship ever came back, and going to a country whose inhabitants never return to their old dwelling-places, he saw too well. The signs of an early departure were written on every feature of her gentle face; not in waste and exhaustion, but in such tokens as all could read. He did not stoop over and kiss her on lips and brow, for her eyes held him away—not coldly, but with a look of saintly warning that made the loving act impossible.

"I did not dream of this, Deborah," said Cheston, as he took a seat by the bedside, still holding her hand. His voice betrayed the feelings he was striving so hard to keep down.

"Our ways are in His hands," she replied, and a smile touched her lips as she spoke. "He knoweth the times and the seasons."

"But, Deborah," said Philip, in gentle remonstrance, "do we not sometimes take our ways out of His hands, and break His order of times and seasons?"

"It may be so," she answered. "But He soon readjusts all again. His love never fails. If we seek to do His will, He will hold us safely in the hollow of His hand. He will keep us from all evil."

"Has this been so in thy case, Deborah? Has He kept thee from all evil," asked Philip, betraying the doubt that was in his heart.

"What evil has touched me?" she asked.

"Does thee not call this an evil thing that thee is stricken down and thy young life broken? O Deborah!"

"An evil thing to have life made more perfect, Philip?" she answered, in a sweet, low voice. "Not so; I shall lay down this lower, blind, imperfect life, for the higher and better life of my real self; that self of which this weak body is only an effigy."

"But, Deborah," said Philip, subdued by the sphere of her calmness, "our weak bodies are for use in this world, and we have no right to abuse them. I do not believe that God requires of us any service greater than our physical life can sustain. If we weaken or destroy that, our usefulness is diminished or lost altogether."

"Thee did not reason so when thy country was in danger," said Deborah. "At its call thee went to the battle-field."

"Oh, that is different altogether. It was an exceptional emergency in which consequences worse than the loss of life or limb were involved. Love of country, which is a good and noble love, was the force that moved all hearts, and made every true man respond to the voice of duty. But in times of peace and social order, no one is called of God to any service that breaks down the body and dooms it to an early grave."

"If thee will reflect for a moment, thee may see differently. I think thee will not question that the voice of a clearly seen duty is the voice of God. A mother's duty to a suffering child may tax her strength so severely as to break down her health. In nursing the sick, there is often great danger of acquiring a fatal disease. When we see others in peril, duty prompts to efforts at rescue, though it be at the risk of our own lives. Even

as Christ gave His life for us, must we be willing to give our lives for others. 'Greater love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for his friends.' So thee sees, Philip, that even our lives may sometimes be counted as nothing; and that to give them for others may be our truest service. Such giving, if we are ever called to it, will be wholly acceptable to God, and in it we shall find our highest good."

Deborah spoke in an even, impressive voice, and without effort or excitement. Philip did not answer her. After a little, the maiden went on.

"If we do the duty that is set clearly before us," she said, "God will take care of all the rest. If health should break, or death meet us in the way where He leads our feet, each would prove a blessing in disguise. Loss of health might be the only ladder on which we could climb safely to Heaven, or an early death the highest good in our Father's power to bestow."

She closed her eyes and lay in perfect repose for over a minute, Philip sitting like one spellbound. He saw, what had not appeared before since he came in, two clearly defined spots of crimson on her cheeks, the rest of her face looking whiter by contrast. More than ever did he feel that she was lifted away and dwelling in a region far above him; a region up to which he never expected to rise.

Looking into his face, she said, with just a perceptible throb of feeling in her voice: "O Philip! I wish thee could see as I see, the goodness and loving kindness of God. I wish thee could know what a fullness of life and joy there is in keeping His law—not in the letter merely but in the spirit. I wish thee could feel how satisfying to the soul it is to rest on that sweet promise, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you.' Yea, all things, Philip, that can give abiding peace or real delight!"

Deborah grew more earnest, her eyes became brighter, the spots on her cheeks burned to a deeper crimson. Philip Cheston sat silent, but greatly moved.

"O Philip!" she went on, with a pathos in her voice that thrilled him, "if I could only lead thee back to the old paths in which thee stood years ago, ere thy feet strayed worldward, and thy heart set itself on lower things that perish in the using! If I could see thee rising toward the stature of a true and noble Christian manhood, and not sinking into that selfish love of gain that dims like a smoky vapor the image of God in the human soul, and, too often, blots it out forever, there would be a joy in my heart greater than words can tell. O Philip! Philip!"

Deborah had lifted herself from her pillow, and was leaning toward Cheston, the old love which had been covered up and hidden away in the grave of her heart leaping into sudden life, and revealing itself in every lineament, glance and tone. Philip saw it all. He did not stop to think. He only obeyed the impulse that seized him, and reaching out his arms caught Deborah to his breast, and held her there with a strong and loving clasp, from which she did not struggle to get

free. Minutes passed, and still she lay there quiet as a child. At last she moved, and then, as she began slowly disengaging herself, Philip laid her back gently, and in doing so pressed his lips to her forehead. She did not look up nor speak. The red spots were no longer visible. Philip saw a new expression in her face, but could not read its meaning. He sat for many minutes, gazing upon her all the while, and waiting for her eyes to uncloze, that he might look into them and see their loving glances. Slowly a change came creeping over her countenance. Something began to appear that seemed like a veil hiding her from him. The old sense of separation and removal grew palpable to his inner sense. What he had held in his arms a few moments before was only the fair garments of his beloved; her real self was fading from his sight.

"Deborah! dear Deborah!" he cried out passionately, love and fear trembling in his voice.

She opened her eyes and looked at him with a sweet and tender concern.

"Come back again to thy old home!" he went on, eagerly. "Let us be to each other as in former times. Thee shall teach me a better way. O Deborah! without thee I shall drift far out upon the dangerous seas of this evil world, and make of life, I fear, an utter shipwreck."

A shadow fell across the face of Deborah, and her lips drew closer together, showing signs of pain; but her eyes had in them a deeper than any human love as they rested upon Philip.

"Thee must not be deceived," she answered, with a low thrill in her voice. "I shall never go back to the old place. The work given me to do in this world is nearly finished. I have loved thee, Philip, very dearly; and if we had been agreed, we might have walked together. But without agreement that was impossible. Thee chose a way in which I could not go; and my feet were set in paths thee would not enter. And so, as the years went by, we have gone farther and farther away from each other, and in this world can never again move side by side. It is too late, Philip! Too late!"

There was a half-hidden tone of sorrow in the maiden's voice.

"O Deborah! Deborah!" exclaimed Philip, "I cannot part from thee! I will come back from my ways and walk in thine. I will attain, through thee, help to reach that beautiful ideal of life once set before me, and up to which in earlier and better days I did most earnestly aspire. Thee shall be my teacher, my leader, my guide. Dear Deborah! let the old love come back again into thy heart, and send renewing life into every vein. It shall quicken and restore. For thee I will be or do anything."

"Thee does not know thyself, Philip," Deborah replied. "Love of the world and what the world can give thee is the master passion of thy soul; and no great passion is ever set aside by any single effort of the will. Not in this world can we again walk side by side; and thee must place a higher and purer end before thee than the mere hope of joining me in the next, if thee would have that hope fulfilled. Not for me must thee strive

to be or to do anything noble; but for the love of God and humanity. Thee must not look for reward; must not say in thy heart, if I can get this or that, I will be or do anything. No—no—no, Philip! that is not the way. God help thee to see the right!"

Deborah's eyes closed; her lips moved silently; Philip knew that she was praying, and for him. He saw the way that leads to heavenly joy in that moment more clearly than ever before. He had an impression of spiritual force and nearness that filled him with awe and surprise; he was lifted into a perception of God's love and the beauty of his service in a life of self-denial for the good of others, that made his heart glow with something of celestial warmth.

When Deborah raised her eyes again, he did not see in her peaceful face any signs of womanly weakness; but only the pure, strong love of an angel—very calm and very sweet. In almost an instant of time she had seemed to go away from all in him that was of the earth, earthy, and to stand at an almost unapproachable distance.

(To be continued.)

WHAT THE WHITE PORTULACAS TOLD.

BY MADGE CARROL.

MRS. MARCHMONT, keeping a motherly watch over her boarders, discovered that something was the matter. These girls were very near to her, coming as they did season after season, until matrimony led them out of store or away from school-desk, and into homes of their own. She had enough and to spare independent of summer boarders, taking the pale, puny things and turning them into rosy beauties for their sakes, not her own, although she loved the stir and flutter they made in the roomy house. Loved the pat of slippered feet, white robes among her roses, picturesque girl groups, songs on the stairs, whispers under the stars, laughter along the lanes, merry banter on porch or croquet ground—all, all were dear to her. Nay, she even hungered after them half the year while the great house stood alone with its memories.

While they were with her, she watched and worried over them as if they belonged to her, passing over their pomps, vanities and little flurries of temper, because quite sure that the pair under the daisies were not faultless, and might have been just like these had womanhood crowned their fleeting day.

Every summer brought Mrs. Marchmont her girls, and brought the boys after them. Marchmont house being only forty minutes rail ride from the city, made it very convenient for friends and lovers to drop in on Saturday afternoon or Sunday. Beside, beaux were not a scarce article in the immediate vicinity, and were never long in discovering the attractions of the house on the hill.

Something was the matter—a very serious something, too—else Mrs., or Madam Marchmont, as her girls were fond of calling her, would never have dreamed of interfering. Alicia De Forrest was winning Nettie Norwood's lover away. Ma-

dam Marchmont was shown an anonymous letter, and, although strangely silent, instantly traced it to the writer.

Nettie, holding its quiver of poisoned arrows close to her heart, refused all consolation. Something must be done, and that right speedily, to spare her, if possible, further suffering. Madam Marchmont resolved, and for her to resolve was to act.

The girls had yawned through the whole of a rainy summer's day. After a late tea, heavy showers, with frequent flash and thunder roll, extinguished even the hope that somebody would come. Several retired to their own rooms, while the remainder, abandoning every pretence of industry, turned down the lamps. Alicia, wrapping a crimson shawl about her, sought an open window, where the storm breath stirred her hair, and shimmering touches made a picture of her, half gloom, half glitter.

"Let's go out in the kitchen and get Aunt Clo to tell us another story," said one.

"I was just thinking about asking the madam here," chimed another. "She hasn't told us one yet, and I see ever so many in her eyes. Tell us, please, how you met your husband; if it was love at first sight, and all that."

"Why, Caddie!" spoke up Nettie Norwood's reproving voice, "he's dead."

"I know it, but he wasn't always—" dead, the giddy creature would have added, had not several interposed and broken up the sentence.

"Once upon a time, as story-books used to say," began Madam Marchmont, "two young girls came to live under the same roof. Perhaps their proper names were not Zilla and Lilla, but those are the names I mean to give them. Beside themselves, three old ladies, two old gentleman and a sailor lad, that came and went, comprised the household. It doesn't matter why they came to live together, or what relation each occupied to the other, suffice to say it was no very near one, although the young folks called the old people uncle and aunt, each other cousin. Zilla was a country lass, dark-tressed, dark-eyed, peachen-checked. Lilla, a city maiden, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, fair-skinned. Zilla was quick-tempered, warm-hearted, jealous, impulsive. Lilla, patient, fond, trustful, self-controlled. They stood together, hand in hand, one August evening, just after sunset, watching the approach of a traveller. He was young, they agreed, although walking old, and when he bore down upon them with a 'ship a-hoy,' and an unintelligible shout, their very hearts stood still, he was so rude, so handsome.

"'I beg ten thousand pardons, ladies,' he said, taking off his cap, while every scented breath in the garden round about seemed to run and kiss his bronzed cheek. 'I beg ten thousand pardons. I thought be sure it was my old aunties watching for me. Maybe they didn't get a letter from run-away Ran last month.'

"Such was Zilla's and Lilla's first meeting with their Cousin Randolph Dornan. Coming from the old world, he yet brought a new with him, going again, he seemed to take away everything that

made life desirable. Zilla poured out her heart's grief and was done with it. Lilla laid a stone over hers, and all the while struggled to keep the black waters down. That was the difference between them, girls.

"A few months later he returned, and made a longer stay previous to embarking on a voyage which threatened to take him further from home than he had ever been. This visit was the signal for the curtain's rising on the first act of what was to prove a tragedy. Zilla loved him with all the fervor of her fitful nature, Lilla with that deep, strong adherence of soul that takes hold on life itself.

"One morning, as the three old aunties sat together with their knitting, Charity said: 'I do wish Randolph would take to one of our girls and settle down.'

"'Where are your eyes,' exclaimed Aunt Tamar. 'Can't you see he's over ears in love with Lilla.'

"Zilla, listening at the door, writhed as if flames had caught her. Was Ran's preference so apparent that even a half-blind, old woman could not mistake it? She raved and raged in her heart, affirming that if it were so, Lilla should never hear it from his lips. She would follow like a shadow, be on the alert night and day, go hungry, sleepless, uncombed, if needs be, for the sole purpose of preventing a declaration of love. With glittering eyes, fevered cheek and a feigned return of her first fondness for Lilla, Zilla kept her vow.

"Girls, do you see that?" asked Ran, holding up a tiny packet; 'white portulacca seeds. Got them in town yesterday. They're said to come up in any shape you plant them. I'm going to try it after breakfast on Aunt Beulah's red bed, and you're both to stay here. You mustn't look, as the children say. This is the last of March, I'll be far away when they bloom, but I mean to write the name of the girl I love best in all the world, and if I go with the Tropic Bird, you'll know who she is long before I get back.'

"Meeting that deep, bright gaze, Lilla turned so pink, next so pale, there might have been an understanding then and there had not Zilla come between with some poor jest caught at in her frenzy.

"It was Ran's last morning at home, a few minutes later Zilla clung frantically to his arm until he had kissed them all good-bye and gone out to climb the greening hills dipping down into a far-away sea. March winds died away before April's soft, entreating breath, May sunshine sifted through every cloud, and June roses blossomed before tiny green buds pushed in among the sturdier red. Every morning Zilla drew Lilla there to inspect the delicate tracery.

"Printing capitals, Ran said; there's double L in the centre, any way, so it's not Nan Farren. Don't you think it's double L?" said Zilla, on one occasion. On another she was sure L headed the line. There was an odd ring in the laughter halting the swift red tide on Lilla's cheeks.

"Don't you think they're reaching out the other way at the top?" asked the fluttering voice.

"Yes, there is a slight irregularity, but that's

to be expected. However, if it turns out an L, and that's I next, then two more L's and A, what does it spell?"

"Lilla's replies were faint and few, but from day to day her blue eyes strained over the slowly-forming letters, until suddenly Zilla declared herself out of patience, and made the poor thing promise not to go near the bed for two weeks. At the expiration of that time they went to see what it told. A turn or two along the walks brought them beside it. The flowers were wide open in sunshine, and there in snowy tracery on a crimson ground stood a single name—Zilla.

"Dear, good Ran, to want to keep it before me in flowers the summer through!" she cried. "You don't care, of course, Lilla darling. Oh, don't go, I want to tell you something first. I didn't like to let on, but I knew all the while what it was going to be."

"Sure enough she did. She had changed the plants!"

A chorus of exclamations broke from Mrs. Marchmont's hearers.

"Turn the lights lower, girls, and please don't interrupt again. From that very moment Lilla looked as if she had had her death blow. Nothing interested, nothing diverted her. Gentle, quiet, uncomplaining, she moved about like a ghost—a haunting ghost beside. Zilla was never out of her sight. Although seldom actually following, she seemed always watching from afar, and it was to rid herself of this uncanny guard that the girl went to visit some relatives in a distant city. In the midst of summer picnics and festivals, Zilla endeavored to drown remorse, and succeeded so admirably that Aunt Beulah's stereotyped message, 'Lilla is no better,' lost its power.

"During this visit, the deep interest awakened by the man she afterward married proved Zilla's love to have been merely a girl's first passion, and left her with no excuse for the maintenance of her deception.

Arriving at the old homestead after nearly three months' absence, Aunt Charity met her with: 'You didn't get my letter in time; but don't grieve, she laid in her coffin like a babe asleep, and had a larger funeral than Jacob Farren, and everybody says he had the largest ever seen in these parts. He was buried just a week before, and Nan—she took it awful hard—came up to me and said—' Aunt Charity, innocent old soul, who never dreamed of the tragedy enacted under her very eyes, might have rambled on indefinitely had not the ghastliness of Zilla's face penetrated the mist of her unavailing tears. 'Don't look so awful,' cried the quivering voice. 'Zilla! Why, Zilla!'" The thin old arms, stretched out protectingly, found themselves in a grip like that of the drowning, while such accents as she had never heard in her life before rang in her ears.

"Who laid in her coffin like a babe asleep?"

"Lilla, child, our own blighted lily; and both of you too late to see her even in her grave-clothes. We met Randolph just as we got back yesterday. The Tropic Bird put back because—"

"Randolph! Randolph!" broke in Zilla, and her voice ascended to a shriek as she dashed from

the house and sought the portulacca bed. There it lay, its crimson steeped in autumnal sunshine, the lines of that white lie startlingly distinct; but she was too late! In her frantic haste, she never heeded a figure there before her, until her hot hands, hurrying to uproot the falsehood, found themselves in a grip tight as iron, cold as steel.

"Girls, I pass over Ran Dorman's words. They were few; they pierced like swords, burned like red coals, and were the last that guilty creature ever heard him speak. He left the house that night never to return. One year later he was lost at sea.

"It would be impossible to depict Zilla's remorse. For months, years, there was neither rest nor peace for her. Great was her sin, heavy its punishment. Believe me, my dears, this breaking of others' hearts and hopes is no trifling matter, although the end may not always be as tragic as my story."

Alicia drew near toward the story's close, and stood listening with quick-coming breath and dark eyes strangely dewy. Mrs. Marchmont, watching these tokens anxiously, met her reward. Nettie's head was lifted from the lounge, where it bent in heaviness of grief; a wet cheek pressed hers drenched with its rain of tears, and into her hand there slipped a tiny note, into her ear a gentle whisper.

"It came yesterday, not very safely sealed, and—and—forgive me, I saw some pleasant words in it. Pardon me for keeping it so long."

A soft, warm glow crossed Mrs. Marchmont's face as she watched this little by-play, while around her buzzed the comments called forth from the party's several members who never dreamed of the story's having had an aim, nor saw that it had gone straight home.

"Poor Lilla, how she must have suffered!" said one. "I loved her best the moment you described her."

"She reminded me of our Nettie Norwood," added another; "and yet I can't tell why." While a third berated Zilla, and a fourth declared Ran to have been too easy. "Something dreadful ought to have happened every day of her life."

"My dears," dropped in the madam's motherly voice, "the author of *Still Waters* says we can tell some of the tragedies of our lives when our soul outgrows them as we outgrow old garments, and give them away. This is very true; you will find it to be so when you have gone along in life as far as I have. There was a time when the slightest mention of these circumstances unnerved me; now I relate them quietly, almost calmly. The verdict in which you doubtless all agree is, that something dreadful ought to have happened this wretched girl every day of her life. Let me assure you that for many years each passing hour brought her misery enough to have satisfied even the most revengeful among you, but God, who judgeth not as we judge, led her at last in pleasant places. I was Zilla!"

NEVER mind where you work; care more about how you work. Never mind who sees, if conscience approves.

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSEISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 9.

IN our family we bake pies of green currant, rhubarb and juicy berries without adding the sugar until we are ready to use them. If sweetened when made the juice is apt to run out into the oven, and fill it with an unpleasant odor that settles on the pies while baking.

We never eat cream and sugar on ripe currants, or canned peaches, just sugar alone. If you would know the reason why it is unwholesome, prepare a dish of either kind of fruit and set it away until morning, and then look at it. You will find it a fermented mass of sour curd; if the night was warm the acid will be bubbling and will appear far from tempting to the appetite. If it looks this way when standing in a dish, untouched, all night, you can conceive how it would be had it been subjected to the heat that is in the stomach. No wonder there are so many severe and sudden attacks of bilious colic in the night after tempting desserts of canned peaches and cream or ripe currants and cream.

I learned this looking at such dishes after they had set in the cupboard all night; and then I once saw a preacher double up like a jack-knife, right in the pulpit, with cramp colic. We sympathising women in the congregation shed tears as we saw him borne away in an easy carriage, howling out direfully in his misery. One of the deacons took charge of the exercises, and he prayed fervently for the smitten shepherd of the flock, and then another deacon followed, and he prayed over the afflictive dispensation and besought that the calamity might prove a blessing and a reminder to all of us, and that the stricken one might be restored to health. Then, for fear he might not, we women cried harder than ever.

As I was going home from church, walking along alone, carrying the burden that this new sorrow had brought to all of us, a special friend of our pastor's overtook me in his carriage, and I rode the rest of the way with him.

I said: "Do you think our preacher will ever get well?"

He smiled, and, looking around to see that no one was near enough to hear him, he said: "Don't tell of it, Pipsey; don't let it ever be known, but that man was only paying the penalty of one of nature's known laws broken, one of her laws that he had outraged. I ate breakfast with him this morning; he was not hungry, and said so, but he forced himself to eat something, and you never would guess what that was. I told him he'd better take care, that he was offering an insult to nature and very probably she would be avenged. He ate a saucer full of ripe red currants with cream and sugar on them, and then finished up with a cup of hot tea. We were a little late getting started and we came on horseback those five miles, trotting

and cantering all the way. As soon as we reached the church, services commenced. Well, put this and that together—the cream, and currants, and hot tea, the anxiety for fear we would be too late, the brisk, hard ride in the beaming sunshine, and you will understand the dispensation."

I don't know that I ever chanced to do such a cute thing as I did the other evening! It makes me feel good yet. My brother came hurrying into the house when the sun was about an hour high, saying: "I have to go to — to meet my Masonic brethren yet to-night, and I will want a clean handkerchief and a pair of cotton socks."

I said: "Well," in a thoughtful way, and then added, "how soon do you want them, Bub? are you in a very great hurry?"

"As soon as I can bathe and shave, but don't put yourself to any extra trouble, Pipsey," was the answer.

I was puzzled—there was plenty of handkerchiefs but no socks. I hurried to the bureau and said: "Wonder how I can manage now!" There was a nice lot of my own and the girls' hose worn out and ready to give away to some mother to cut over for her little ones. The idea struck me that I could cut over a pair for him and make a very good substitute. I cut the feet off and rounded the lower end of the leg to make it like the toe of a sock, turned it and sewed it up on the wrong side, and he had as clean a pair of socks as the house afforded. When he tried them on he pronounced them just the thing. They settled down to his feet, and fitted very well, and looked quite socky, and soon assumed the curves required of toe and heel and instep. I told him, when they began to wear out he could turn them so that it would bring the heel on the instep, and that would be a clear gain over the old style of hose.

To ice tarts: moisten the paste with cold water and sift white sugar over it the last thing before putting it into the oven. Some prefer baking until quite done, then take from the oven and brush it over with the white of an egg well beaten, then cover with sifted sugar and return to the oven and bake until done.

I often make a loaf cake, of which my family are very fond. I think it is the best lunch for men in the harvest-field, or to take to a picnic, if you don't want to carry a variety of provision with you. On baking-day I take dough enough to make one small loaf of bread, after it has risen twice and been kneaded back, I work into it three cups of sugar, three eggs, a spoonful of cinnamon, one cup of butter and a heaping cupful of raisins. I butter a pan, and lay this loaf in it to rise, and, when light, bake it with a moderately hot fire. To glaze it, I beat the yolk of an egg and spread it on with a small brush made of the ends of feathers, set it in the oven a minute or two and it is done. If one prefers, she can sift sugar over it

immediately after the glazing is put on. This loaf-cake is very easily made, and no trouble at all on regular baking-day; it can be the last and most leisurely loaf baked.

I told you that the young Presbyterian preacher had rooms at the deacon's. Well, so far he likes us and we like him. He is modest and unassuming, and in all his ways he is marvellously like a good preacher of the Baptist persuasion. He has a fine library, and we have free access to it. Sometimes he sits in the parlor with us until bed-time, but generally he stays in his own room. The girls and I keep very quiet on Saturday evenings, because we know he is studying and finishing his sermon for the next day. Sometimes Ida says on those evenings: "Oh, I would like to play some, but I must not disturb the village parson!"

Not long since, however, she could not resist the temptation, and she said she would touch the keys so softly he would think the sound was only the summer breezes in the tops of the pines. Very dreamily she played "The Lone Rock by the Sea," suggested by the picture of Evangeline hanging in range of her eyes. She had hardly finished until there was a soft but hasty step overhead, and in less than a minute we heard the same air played on a flute. It was very beautiful—soft and mournful, and touching enough to make one see through a mist of tears. At its close we applauded enthusiastically, and it was repeated.

Then followed "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Peyel's Hymn," and "Hail Columbia," and "Annie Laurie," and "Windham;" and then the long-silent flute that had lain for years, full of music, in the bottom of the young theologian's trunk among essays, and maiden efforts, and notes, and skeletons of sermons, sailed off sweetly in the old familiar air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

For perhaps half an hour the poor pastor of Pottsville Church forgot his twelve years of hard study, and discipline, and sacrifice, and preparation, and the hurts and stings that come from a not over-appreciative charge; he felt himself to be the beardless boy again, leaving home and friends, and striking out into the world to try its sober realities; he was the harvester, and the writing-teacher, and the clerk, and the district school-teacher; and all of these laborious long twelve years were for the moment as though they had never been.

No serenade was ever sweeter than those delightful airs played on the flute that night. Father sleeps in a room joining the library, and he enjoyed it exceedingly. His favorite piece on the flute is that exquisite air set to the words, "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold," Byron's best poem, and he was just going to call for it when the parson played it. Father was delighted; so were the girls and I; and our kind entertainer told us the next morning that for an hour he had "been a boy again," and had forgotten even that he wore clerical cloth and a white necktie, and was under solemn obligations to conduct himself with proper decorum. He said

probably we would never hear him again; that he had put the flute away down in the bottom of the trunk, and buried it among papers, where it would stay out of his sight and not tempt him any more. But we shook our heads, and intimated that the boy and the flute were old-time companions and friends, and their intimacy should be resumed; that it was conducive of good, and was the rarest kind of recreation.

Lily drew my attention to a very beautiful and touching incident the other day. A gentleman, a graduate of one of our Eastern colleges, was taking tea with us; he sat beside father. Now our father is an old man, and clings to the old ways of his boyhood; his habits are very much the same that they were sixty years ago; he even pronounces a great many words, especially geographical names, as he was taught then. Not for the world would we thrust any of these latter day innovations upon him; so when he eats as his spelling-book taught him, "eat with your knife in your right hand and your fork in the left," we approve of it. It was right in his boyhood and in his manhood; custom sanctioned it; and now in his old age to him it is still correct, and not one of us would have it otherwise, nor would we ever think of being ashamed of his old-time ways.

Lily said she saw the gentleman observe our father's custom, and then take up his own knife and eat with it, just as father did with his. I think that was the kindest and tenderest act of politeness that could have been shown to father. It was very expressive, and to us it was touching.

I never saw but one instance as kind as this. A gentleman born in Ireland, who graduated in my own State, at the earnest solicitation of his excellent wife, sent for his aged parents to come and spend the remainder of their lives in his family. They were a poor couple, and very old-fashioned in their ways, and superstitious in their belief—likewise Catholics.

Now I know there is not one woman among one hundred, the world over, who would welcome to her heart and home a mother-in-law under like circumstances. My friend was the leading woman in the city where she lived, but she was not one of those to care for, or stand in awe of, that iron rule—"What will people say?"

After the old couple had lived with them a year or two, my friend urged me to visit her; said father and mother wanted to see me, and she wanted I should see her babies. I went. The old lady was a very sweet-faced woman, dressed as I could very indistinctly remember seeing my old grandmother dress. She wore a white cap puffed up high in the full crown, full bordered, with pleated footing all round it, and tied under the chin. She wore a three-cornered white cambric kerchief crossed precisely over the bosom, and snugly pinned down between the shoulders, the sleeves of her dress tight at the wrist, but full about the arm-place, and coming well up on the shoulders, and a long, narrow, black bombazine apron with white tape strings. The father was dressed up in his best, and looked stiff and ill at ease, careful of his short-waisted, swallow-tail

coat, and as anxious to make a good impression as though he had been a young man. Oh, they both talked at once! He told stories of St. Patrick, and the snakes, and toads, and of the little folks—or something I cannot quite remember—that seemed to rise up out of the ground one night and laugh at him, and trip his feet from under him, and annoy him when he was on his return home from some jolly gathering.

He had seen fairies and gnomes and had often walked on his bare knees over the rough, flinty road and kissed the Blarney Stone.

I had a delightful visit with the old couple. When we went to church our roads separated about half way, we went to our church and they to the Catholic. The son and daughter laid no restrictions on them whatever, they only lived in hopes that in time their roads would not separate, as then, on their way to the house of God. I resolved then that if I ever had a father-in-law and mother-in-law, I would be to them in every sense what my friend was to hers.

To make a nice grape preserve, squeeze each grape between the thumb and finger, so as to remove the pulp, put these into one dish and the skins into another, then put the pulps into a preserving kettle and scald them, as soon as they melt strain them through a fine cullender or sieve so as to separate the seeds. Place the liquid thus obtained, together with the skins and a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, in the kettle and boil them twenty minutes. If the skins are tough press out all the juice you can, and leave them out of the preserve.

Two ladies inquire how to clean windows in a new house. If spattered with paint, wet a sponge in ammonia and you can cleanse them almost immediately; if with lime or whitewash, rub with a bit of pumice stone, don't wash them first, that will only set the lime. If your hands are stained with fruit or berries, nowadays, while you are canning and preserving, use oxalic acid diluted with warm water, that will take off all dark stains. If they are hard and rough, or inclined to chaps, or crack, rub them with a few drops of glycerine. Sometimes you cannot obtain a pure article readily, the adulterated can be detected by the smarting and burning when applied.

I thought Ida's way of cooking very small potatoes yesterday was something new and nice and it looked pretty, too. They were small, and she rubbed them in warm water briskly until the tender skins were all washed off. Then she boiled them done not so they would break apart—just boiled barely done. A tureen was waiting hot, and as soon as the steam dried them off they were turned it, a few lumps of butter laid among them, a dash of pepper added, and a mere sprinkling of salt, the heated cover put on the tureen, a spoon laid beside it, and, really, small potatoes as they were, it made a very good and pretty addition to the dinner-table. Now, if the Pottses had been a large family, embracing many little Potts, then the dish would not have been suitable with-

out a supply of gravy for the appreciative little dears.

Women often tell me that their canned tomatoes do not taste at all like fresh, ripe ones, but are dark colored, and strong, and not well-flavored. Now, I learned three things about canning tomatoes by experience, that are invaluable to me, and I will be glad if I can benefit any of the sisterhood by imparting what I know. Three things: the tomatoes must be barely ripe, nothing more, must be canned the same day they are picked and cooked only long enough to heat them through thoroughly. If over-ripe, the fine tomato-y flavor will be gone when they come to the table; decay commences just as soon as fruit is plucked; if cooked too long the seeds will impart a bitter flavor that is anything but palatable, and if nearly all the juice is poured off before canning, they will be better when you cook them next May, if you supply its place by boiling water out of the teakettle. Now, I tell you the truth, and I hope you will prove it for yourselves. Our canned tomatoes of late years are precisely like freshly gathered ones, just as good. If I am canning many, I wash the kettle frequently, for fear some over-cooked particles may adhere to it and give them a strong, ill flavor. I prefer new tin cans every year for tomatoes.

I have had the dress I am wearing to-day—a dotted black calico—for more than a year, and it is just as pretty as it was at first. I always liked black prints, only that they would wash dingy, but now I know how to save them and make them retain their freshness.

Take the dress when it needs washing and dip it in a pail of salt and water, see that it is well wet through, wring it and hang it out to dry. After it is dry it can be washed the usual way and will not fade. One wetting in the salt water is all that is required. Do this before washing-day that the dress may be perfectly dry.

A lady asks what will remove the stain of sweet apple juice from a white garment. Oxalic acid diluted with water; rinse well afterward. Two applications may be required. To whiten and soften unbleached muslin use chloride of lime, I forget the exact proportion—your neighbor across the street will tell you. This preparation will also remove mildew; a weak solution, say a heaping teaspoonful to a quart of water. After the chloride is added to the water, you must strain it carefully lest some of the particles adhere to your goods and rot the fabric. If the mildew does not disappear after the first dipping, try it again, laying it out in the sunshine. Rinse well afterward.

A practical, intelligent lady, one who looks well to the ways of her household, gives the following method of making number one sweet pickles. I never tried them yet, but I am just as sure that they are good as though I had tested them. She says: There are three points of prime importance in making good pickles—good fruit, good vinegar and always to make them up fresh when wanted; and the following are her directions:

Fill a large jar half full of unmistakably pure cider vinegar, and then drop in from time to time any fruit you may wish to pickle. All fruit should be ripe, but not soft. Cherries, plums and grapes require no preparation. Peaches and pears should be pared, and if of good size cut in halves and steamed a few minutes until tender, then dropped into the vinegar. Keep them covered until wanted for use. Pick the cucumbers when less than a finger long and put them in a separate empty jar and sprinkle each lot with coarse salt; and to make pickles of watermelon-rinds—and these are usually the most popular of all—pare them and cut them into strips two or three inches long, and treat them like the cucumbers.

To prepare for immediate use, freshen as many cucumbers and melon strips as are wanted, and steam the latter until tender, which will often take half an hour or more. Now drop into an empty jar the cucumbers and melons, and a handful or more each of the different fruits taken from the vinegar. Heat some fresh cider vinegar boiling hot, throwing in a liberal handful of brown sugar, and pour over the pickles. Let them stand from two to four days, when they will have drawn out nearly all the value of the vinegar. Now drain off and scatter sticks of cinnamon and whole allspice among the pickles, but never use cloves, as they blacken the fruit. Heat another lot of vinegar boiling hot, add sugar till it tastes quite sweet, and pour over the pickles, and in a day or two they will be ready for use.

Some of the boys in the village stole Sister Bodkin's fat young chickens, and she was greatly troubled about it, and was telling me how it vexed her. The doctor's few chickens roost out among the trees in his back lot during the hot weather. She had been trying to catch them and put them in the hen-house at night, but it only frightened them and made them more unmanageable. Then I told her how I managed to get ours into the hen-house when the boys used to steal them. I made up a panful of feed and stood near the hen-house, and beat the spoon on the pan, and called, "Chicky! chicky!" and scattered the feed. The first time only a few partook, the next time they all came up, and the third evening I got every one into the hen-house by tapping on the pan and calling, and scattering a little feed outside the door, and the bulk of it inside. I entrapped them thus without any trouble, and with a very moderate amount of strategy. I then secured the door, and the fowls roosted on the perches unmolested till the next morning.

Before I tried this plan, I asked my brother Rube if he thought I could wheedle them into those quarters; but he hooted at me, and said: "No, ma'am, you'll just have to drive 'em with clubs, somehow this way;" and with a voice like a trumpet he took after an old hen of good character with twenty-two little chicks and scattered them over an acre of high, tangled grass, and that just at sunset.

LEISURE is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 9.

SATURDAY, P. M.—You must not think because I have to reprimand my girls sometimes that we jangle and quarrel, or that any one sulks or pouts, or is permitted to be disagreeable. If it comes to that, I shall send off the girl that makes the trouble. We have rules, and they must be observed strictly. But I did very gently remonstrate with two of my girls the other day for a very common fault.

We were looking at the photographs in Mrs. McWilliams's albums, my girls and I; the pictures are mostly of girl students who have been here and gone to seminaries and colleges. Elsie was admiring a beautiful photograph of Esther Lynn Fairfield, one of the former students, when Mary leaned over her shoulder and said: "Oh, she had Molly's silk dress on, hadn't she!"

I felt my anger kindle that instant. Her words were unkind; there was no call for her to impart her knowledge on this occasion; and right before all the girls I said: "Mary, how would you like it if a company of ladies were looking at your photograph, some of them strangers whom you had never seen, but whose good-will you would value, and a pert little miss would volunteer the information, 'Oh, she had on Molly's silk dress—she has none of her own!'"

Mary grew red, and then redder, and she was so mortified that the perspiration started on her forehead, and she looked distressed indeed. I didn't care much. I meant to punish and humiliate her. It is not the first time she has spoken so thoughtlessly, and in a way unkind and uncalled for.

We are all too careless about our speech. I often think, "thy speech betrayeth thee," of people who would be esteemed as kind-hearted, and above the faintest degree of tattling, or vilification, or ill-speaking of another. No matter if they do put on gentle ways and tenderness of expression, and seem saint-like, if duplicity is in the soul, if they are at all jealous, or envious, or vicious, or ill-disposed, it is hidden in the heart, and before they are aware of it their speech will betray them. It is well that it is thus.

It is not uncommon to hear a girl speak lightly of another after the manner that Mary did of Esther Fairfield. I have known of young ladies seeking an opportunity in which to artlessly inform a gentleman that the fine figure he admired in her rival was due to the dressmaker's art; or that the wealth of hair which he had called her crown of gold was an adroit arrangement of false braids and puffs, not of her own hair; or that the beautiful gold watch and chain that she wore belonged to her brother Dick's wife; or that her aunt wrote the essays and lectures she read so charmingly before the lyceum. Now I call this very unkind; no woman should speak lightly or sneeringly of another.

Oh, the poison that lurks in these soft little insinuations! They are worse than downright assertions, for they are so sly, and they intimate so much.

I was telling the girls a story the other day, a true story, while we were discussing the evils of mere intimations and hints.

I remember, one time, my mother had company, some of the ladies were invited to tea, and the name of a new comer happened to be mentioned, and an old woman present, Katy McGreggor, blurted out: "Kimball! Kimball! wonder if they are any ways related to the Kimballs in York State. I knew old man Kimball like a book, and I guess I'll not forget his daughter Jemima very soon. She married a Davis, and he was killed by a tree, and then a couple o' years afterwards she married her cousin, Gillam Kimball, and they settled on Pine Creek and raised a big family. Gill was as poor as Job's turkey, and all his girls were 'bleeged to work out, and I did hear that Gill and Mime got so poor and shiftless that they couldn't get along and s'pport the family, and a they gin away two or three of the smallest young uns. No, I'll not forget Jemine Kimball very soon," and she looked down and puckered her mouth wisely and jerked her head sidewise.

"What might be the name of the new comer at the dug road? his first name?" said the wise woman.

Some one answered: "I heard them call him Gill, now I come to think of it, but I don't know whether it's Gillam, or Gilbert, or Gilman, or Gilliland, or what."

"Poh, I'll warrant it's old Gill's son Gill," said the wise woman; "used to call him young Gill to tell him apart from old Gill; if he is, he's Jemine's son. Hope he's not like his mother, at least in one way," and the wise woman sucked in her lower lip, and drew down her nose, and her very ears seemed to stick up with good feeling.

"What did you know about Jemima Kimball? You might as well tell us and let us know, too," said an inquisitive woman.

"Oh, least said, soonest mended," was the reply.

She was agonizing to tell the secret, but some kind one turned the subject and choked off the supply of gossip for that time.

She did tell it, however, for in less than two months the story was creeping around from one to another that Gillam Kimball's mother, when she was Jemima Stout, lived at Katy McGreggor's father's, and, one day, Mother McGreggor missed a five-franc piece out of old man McGreggor's leather wallet, and she up and charged Mime with stealing it, and Mime denied it, and they tried every way to get her to confess, and so, one day, when old man McGreggor was getting out his horse to go off and consult a fortune-teller about the whereabouts of the silver piece, why Mime got as pale as a sheet and leaned against the dresser to keep from fainting, and as soon as she came to, she up and confessed and told the whole story. She told them to go and look in a little hole in the side of the old pippin tree beside the path to the meadow, and down in it, tied up in a blue rag, they would find the piece of silver. She cried like a baby and begged of them, for mercy's sake, not to expose her, said she'd rather die than have the truth get out.

They found the money and promised her, if she

would work for seventy-five cents a week, they'd not tell on her. She promised, and though she lived in the family for years, they never knew of any breach of trust after that; there never was a kinder, better, more faithful girl, and they never told any person until after Jemima married and left the neighborhood, and then the story got out, and, somehow, it followed her wherever she went.

This event had transpired probably forty years or more before the woman told it at the tea-party. Does any one suppose that a good deed done by old Mrs. McGreggor forty years before that time would have lived in the memory of men, or women, or neighborhoods? Surely not; it is the bad we do, the evil, perhaps, unwittingly done, that lives and fattens on the lapse of time, and after generations and generations have come and gone, the evil will rise up in its might and be a power and a terror.

Well, to make a long story short, the report ran through the neighborhood that Gillam Kimball's mother had been a thief from her very girlhood, and that it was advisable to watch this man, that he had a hang-dog look, that he had been seen out after night with a bag on his shoulder, that he stared at one strangely, and that he was startled and had a guilty look if one met him suddenly.

The story grew, and watch-dogs were in great demand, padlocks were put upon smoke-house doors, and cellar doors were fastened on the inside, and boys slept inside of corn-cribs and wheat-bins. The poor man could get no work to do, the wife was passed by silently, the gaunt, little, white-faced children stood aloof from others at school, and cowered and cried over the taunt of "thief! thief!"

The poor-masters called to see the family to make arrangements for disposing of them as paupers. They saw a sad sight. They were eating something that looked like thick swill, with lumps of hard corn bread in it. The nursing mother was the merest shadow, and the dear baby a skeleton. The father, shaking all over from weakness, told a straight story; he told of the one error of his mother's young girlhood following him wherever he went, that he was willing and able to work, but no one would trust him or befriend him. He begged for kind treatment, for work to pay for the bare necessities of life, and these men, with hearts touched by pity and remorse, gave him all he asked, and in a few years he had lived down the report and was one of the most respectable men in his township.

We cannot be careful enough of what we say of others. Saddest of all is a blight resting on the fair name of a woman. I tell my girls if they ever hear anything against the character of a woman, to be sure and not repeat it, let it stop with them, and let them make an effort to forget it, or to think of it with feelings of charity and kindness. Don't add a feather's weight to another's sorrow; don't whisper an unkind surmise or intimation; don't yield to a spirit of envy or jealousy; and don't allow yourself to dislike a girl just because she enjoys blessings, and opportunities, and favors that fortune has denied yourself.

Religious Reading.

COMING TO THE LIGHT.

BY RICHMOND.

"DOWN in the valley again! It's too bad! Why don't you live among the hills? It's just as easy, and far more delightful. Come, come, Anna Clayton! Out of these shadows and into the light!"

A pair of troubled eyes were lifted to the speaker's face.

"It may be easy for you but not for me, Mrs. Leslie. Temperaments differ, and so do the circumstances and influences by which we are surrounded."

"Yes, I know; but one may get to the light if he will, unless locked in a dungeon."

"It's as dark around me as if I were in a dungeon."

"And you are in one; but the door is not locked. Open the door and come out into the warm sunshine."

"It is so easy to talk," was answered, the tones a little impatient. Selfish sorrow is not amiable. It is an unhealthy state of feeling, and open to the influx of unhealthy influences.

"Talking is easier than acting, I know; but if we would be well and do well, we must act. The listless mind and folded arms never do any thing for us. Our dungeon doors will remain shut forever, unless our own hands open them."

"It is so dark, sometimes, that one cannot find the door."

"Is that your case?"

"I am afraid it is; at least just now."

"Shall I help you to find it?"

"Yes, if you will;" the tones were gentler now.

"Truth is a door. 'His tender mercies are over all His works.' This is a truth, and a door through which you may pass out into the sunshine. 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' Here is another door. 'As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pities them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust.' Another. Every dark chamber into which we shut ourselves from the light of heaven has more than a thousand doors that will open at our touch. Try this—'The Lord is my strength and song, and He has become my salvation;' or this—'O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy is forever;' or this—'blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.' I see so many doors, on the right hand and on the left, that I cannot point you to one in a hundred. Stretch forth your hand, swing back one of them, my friend, and walk out into the light of God's tender love. It shines for you as it shines for every human soul."

"I know, I know," answered the sad-hearted woman in a softer voice. "God is good, and kind

even to the unthankful and the evil. His tender mercies are over all His works."

Tears were in her eyes; but light broke through the tears.

"Every precious truth in God's holy Word is a door through which the prisoned human soul may pass into light and liberty if it will," said Mrs. Leslie. "But we must do something besides opening our prison doors; we must walk out. Truth is the door, and doing what the truth teaches is going out through this door into light and liberty. It can avail but little to push open a door, and still remain in our gloomy cell. It will soon swing back and shut us in again. Through the one that opened for you just now: 'Blessed are they that do His commandments,' walk into the light, and receive the comfort and peace your loving Father is waiting to bestow."

"Do? Do? O, what can I do, Mrs. Leslie?"

"His commandments," was the quiet answer.

The eager light went out of the friend's face, and the shadows that lifted a moment before crept down over it again.

"Every precept of God's Holy Word is a commandment. 'Do good and lend hoping for nothing again;' 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.' These are commandments, and you cannot do any one of them if you sit still in the darkness with folded hands. Doing good is active work, and only from action comes delight. Is there no one you can help? No one whose life might not be made sweeter through your ministry? No one to whom you might do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again? Think, Anna!"

There came at this moment, from the chamber window of a wretched little house, standing not far away, the pitiful cry of a sick child. Anna Clayton turned her head to listen, while an expression of pain went swiftly across her face.

"O dear! There it is again! I've heard it for hours. It will set me wild!"

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," said Mrs. Leslie, in a low, earnest voice. "Even now the Lord stands knocking at that door. Open it, and let Him take your hand, and lead you forth to do His will."

"What do you mean?" Anna had risen to her feet, all her face alive with feeling.

"The cry of a sick baby—one of the Saviour's little ones—is in your ears. It has been there for hours, and all unheeded. Is there nothing you can do to ease its pain?—to wipe away its tears?—to give it sleep? He giveth his beloved sleep."

A few minutes afterward, Anna Clayton, roused from her inactivity, stood bending over a poor, wasted child, hot with fever, and moaning in pain. Its large bright eyes were fixed upon her with an appealing look that stirred all the fountains of pity in her soul.

"Poor, poor baby!" she said, with a sob in her voice, "What can I do for you?"

She did not have to wait for an answer. Her eyes saw many things to do; enough to keep her hands for some time busy; and busy they were, until the wasted form of the little one had received the comfort of a warm bath and clean garments, and its weary, suffering spirit had found the blessing of sleep.

The cries of that poor sick baby did not trouble her any more, for she had not only hushed its cries, but she kept them still by daily ministries. She had found an open door by which to pass into the sunshine of God's love which is poured down upon every heart that will open itself to its light

and warmth; and had gone through it at the call of duty. In blessing she was blessed.

And not alone through one door did she find her way to the light, but through many. If, under the influence of old states, that will come back at times upon all, Anna Clayton found herself in darkness—shut up as one in a dungeon: she remembered the admonition of her friend, and hearkened through some divine precept for the voice of Him who is ever saying to us in our selfish isolation and suffering: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." And when she heard she opened the door through obedience and came into the light of God's presence; and all who so come into His presence are blessed indeed.

Mother's' Department.

QUERIES ANSWERED.*

BY CELIA SANFORD.

A MOTHER in the May number of the HOME asks, "How shall I teach my boy the *true use of money*? I want him to be generous and just, neither a prodigal or miser."

And what is the true use of money? Is it not something with which to do good? Is not that money best and most usefully spent by which the greatest amount of good is effected? I pity the person who loves money merely for its own sake; that goes on day after day through a whole life, scraping together the shining dust, and hoarding it away where it will never—at least in his lifetime—do any one good; who never sacrifices his own tastes and preferences for another's good, and never feels the thrill of pleasure that comes from the performance of a kindly deed. I have in my mind, now, a little boy of less than ten years of age, who, if you call at his home, will hasten to place beside you a box containing nearly twenty dollars in pennies and three and five-cent pieces, the hoarded accumulation of all the years of his little life. He never puts his hand into the box and withdraws a shining piece to buy for himself a ball, top, picture-book, or fishing-tackle, or any of the many things that boys love so well—much less to put in the contribution-box, or buy an orange, toy or book for a sick child, or an apple or cake for one whose life is barren of luxuries. Not he! his money is dearer to him than the luxury of doing good, or even his own gratification; and his parents—though not miserly themselves—are short-sighted enough to praise and pet him for his money-getting and money-saving habits, thus strengthening him in a habit that will undermine every noble quality of his soul; and as he stands

beside you and looks up earnestly into your face, you understand his mute appeal to mean a request for two things, neither of which you can in conscience grant. One is a penny to add to his gains, and the other, a smile or word of approval for the wonderful faculty that he displays.

"I saved last year a dollar more than I did the year before, and I mean this year to save two dollars more," he says, and a shiver runs through me as I note the smile that plays over his features as he speaks, a smile—not sweet, and bright, and befitting his childish face—but hard and glittering like that that lights a miser's face at the clinking of his gold.

I never look into his young and really intelligent face without a feeling of inexpressible sadness, that his future should be shadowed with such a dark presence; and, mother, I would have you shun such a course of training for your child, as you would shun the plague. On the other hand, any approach to prodigality should be avoided. Money burns in some people's pockets, and makes such a big hole that everything that is put in drops out past finding. And the person that is extravagant and prodigal knows almost as little of the true value of money as the miser. Teach your son that he is responsible for the right use of whatever money is placed in his hands, and that he has no right to squander a penny, or waste it upon things of no value. Teach him to be always prompt and exact in discharging any obligation that may rest upon him, and that it is wrong to make a promise or appointment that he is not quite certain he can fulfill. It is better to be honorable and upright than to be shrewd and cunning, with an eye to the best chance, regardless of the interest of others. If you teach him to value money according to the amount of real good which may be accomplished with it, and that while it is his duty to be diligent, prudent and frugal, it is also his duty to be benevolent and helpful, you are helping him to build up a character for honor and usefulness.

And this work cannot commence too early. The heart of the child is like soft clay, capable of receiving almost any impression. Everything

* In our July number, MRS. M. O. JOHNSON, in an excellent and carefully-considered article answered the queries of "VARA," which appeared in the May "Home Circle." We have received many replies to these queries, but cannot, of course, give them all. The one in this number will be found very good, and we commend it to the attention of all who have the care of children.—ED. HOME MAG.

stamps it, but the stamps are not so easy to remove. Few have sufficient respect for habit—the way it is formed, and the difficulty with which it is broken, the magical power with which it smooths the rough path of duty, and enables one to shun the allurements of the world. It is a kind of shield which may at first be woven of threads as light as gossamer, and which yet grows into the strength of steel. The cultivation of proper habits are of greatest importance, and it takes "line upon line, precept upon precept." Isolated acts will not accomplish much, except as they are combined together. There must be faithful and persistent training. A sculptor does not fashion a human countenance at a single blow. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand rough blows cast it. Ten thousand chisel points polish and perfect it—put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time, but at last the full likeness comes out and stands fixed and unchanging in the solid marble. So it will be with the character of your child; and when, in the future, your son stands before you a noble, honorable, useful, self-sacrificing man, you will feel that your loving labor is repaid a thousand fold.

QUERY No. 2.—"How shall I teach a sensitive, imaginative child, one who is timid, to be brave and self-reliant? My boy, who is nearly four years old, and was born and lives in the city, is afraid of all loud noises, etc."

Doubtless the difficulty commences farther back than the child's birth, but it is with the facts not the causes that we have to do. A lady of my acquaintance, living in the country, had a little son who was exceedingly timid, and afraid, as you say, of all loud noises, or, indeed, of any noise not entirely familiar to him. It seemed as if he could never get used to the ordinary sounds about the house. The sewing-machine, the spinning-wheel, the barking of the dog or the patter of rain upon the roof would almost throw him into convulsions. He would cling in terror to his mother's bosom if she carried him up-stairs or into any room where he was unaccustomed to go. And as he grew old enough to run about, he clung to her skirts continually, and was a source of constant anxiety to her, and she set herself resolutely to the task of correcting the evil, and to do this she was obliged to lay a steady hand upon her own nerves—for she was herself very timid and sensitive—and whatever her feelings she never suffered herself to appear in the least disturbed in his presence.

If he was startled ever so little, she would draw him quietly to her, and with his head pressed to her bosom and his hand clasped in hers, she would tell him, in a cheery voice, some little story suited to his understanding of God's watchcare over His children. She taught him that God was loving and kind, and always watchful over the least of His works, that He could see in the dark as well as in the light, and that nothing happened without His permission, and as he grew older she was never harsh, never scolded him for being afraid, and never sent him alone into the dark, or even into an unoccupied room, but together they would wander, hand in hand, in the dark, up-stairs and

down, he clinging closely to her, and she talking and laughing assuringly. If some sudden sound disturbed him, she would throw aside her work and laughingly challenge him to go with her to hunt up the bugbear, and when it was found they would make themselves merry over the needless alarm.

She never left him alone with servants, or with ignorant and thoughtless persons who delight to pour into the eager, listening ears of childhood marvellous stories of ghosts, and witches, or supernatural sights and sounds.

Patiently she met and vanquished his fears, and unweariedly she strove to instil into his young mind principles of faith and trust in Him whose kindly care is over all His works, and as time passed, she had the satisfaction of seeing his natural timidity give way; and to-day she is proud to recognize in her son the qualities of a brave, self-reliant, Christian man.

QUERY No. 3.—"Is it not best in the case of nervous, imaginative children *not to talk much* on religious subjects, but rather to let your children see by your daily walk, etc.?"

Perhaps not to have set religious talks—certainly not anything that approaches to dry, sermonizing talks—and these when you wish to convey reproof to your child. Anything of the kind would be injurious. Some people, eminent for piety, so misunderstand the minds of children and are so injudicious in the application of religious truths and lessons, that they repel their children, and create in them a distaste for the sweet, simple truths of Christianity, till, as soon as they are left to themselves, they are ready to break away from all religious restraint.

But you may present to your child the beautiful lessons and teachings of the Gospel in such a pleasant, alluring form, that he shall understand and love them, and they shall be as bright, golden threads inwoven into the very warp and woof of his life. You may unfold to his tender mind pleasing stories and incidents from the Bible, as he nestles in your arms in the twilight hour, or plays at your feet, till he shall become familiar with every portion of Bible history, and its truths are indelibly stamped upon his heart, and he becomes so interested in mamma's Bible stories, that to be deprived of them for an evening would be the severest form of punishment he could undergo.

You can make the Sabbath a joy and delight to him, not by indiscriminately banishing all his little toys, and interdicting every childish outburst of feeling, while your face wears a reproving look if he happens to stroke Tabby or pull Prince's ears. Children are children, Sabbath or weekday, and while you are careful to direct his thought and movements into the right channel, you may still allow him all the freedom that is compatible with the sanctity of the Sabbath. Take him with you to church, read and sing to him, and amuse him with pleasant stories; take him out to walk, and as you point out to him the beauties of nature, teach him to see the finger of God in every beautiful thing, and he will regard the Sabbath, not as an irksome day, but as the

pleasantest in all the week, because then mamma has the most time to bestow upon him.

Be on the look-out to turn every little incident that happens day by day into a pleasing lesson of trust in God, or self-denial, or to establish some ennobling virtue. Labor to present every little truth in the most attractive form; even duties that seem harsh and stern may be sugar-coated with

love, and thus rendered light and easy; and remember, mother, that the precious time of seed-sowing is of short duration, and suffer no pleasure or self-indulgence to interfere with your duty, and may the future life of your son be as pure, and noble, and virtuous as a mother's loving heart could wish.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

IN THE WOODS WITH COUSIN GRACE.

BY ANNA WILMOT.

A GRASSHOPPER sprang up from the ground and lighted on the hand of Charley Wilson. The little boy turned pale, and cried out in fear. It was his first day in the country, and he had never before seen a live grasshopper.

The children laughed at his terror, and some of them called him a coward. The word made his pale cheeks grow crimson, for he knew its meaning but too well.

"What's the matter?" asked Cousin Grace, who at this moment came up with the children.

"He was scared by a grasshopper! Ho! ho!" and they all laughed merrily—all but Cousin Grace.

A little green snake ran out from long grass by the roadside, and glided swiftly across the path, among the children's feet. There were many screams of terror and pale faces now.

"Well!" exclaimed Cousin Grace. "You are a brave set!"

"Oh, but it was a snake!" answered the children—"a poison snake;" and their voices were husky with fear, and some of them trembled all over.

"Let's go back to the house," said Benny Long. He had laughed loudest at Charley Wilson. "I'm afraid of snakes."

"So am I, of rattlesnakes and vipers and copperheads; but that pretty garter snake is as harmless as a grasshopper," answered Cousin Grace, "and was as much frightened as you were."

"But how did I know that?" asked Benny Long.

"It was your ignorance that made you afraid," Grace replied. "Fear oftener comes of ignorance than danger. If Charley Wilson had known all about grasshoppers, do you think he would have been scared when one lit for the first time on his hand? Of course not. The laugh is just as much against you as against him."

Benny looked crestfallen at this, and all the children were sobered.

"Charley don't mind if we did laugh at him," said Alice Green, putting her arm about the little fellow.

"I don't want to be a coward," answered Charley Wilson. "But it came on me so quickly I didn't know it was only a grasshopper. I thought it might be a stinging bee."

"Bees won't sting if you let them alone," said Cousin Grace. "I've lived in the country a great many years, and was never stung by a bee or wasp in my life."

"Nor bitten by a snake?" asked one of the children.

"No."

"Nor hurt by anything?"

"Not by any living thing."

"I guess you never went into the woods often, among the bears and wild cats," said Benny Long.

"No, for we don't have such things around here—that is, not outside of us," replied Cousin Grace.

"Have you got 'em anywhere underground?" asked Benny, opening his eyes widely.

"No," said Cousin Grace, "not underground, but there are some people about here who keep wild beasts in their hearts, and I'm just as much afraid of them as I am of wolves and bears."

The children looked curiously at Cousin Grace.

"Bad passions are evil beasts that bite and devour," she said. "Of these we should be afraid, but not of the harmless things in nature."

"But a live wolf or bear is not harmless," spoke up one of the children.

"No; and if you should happen to meet a bear or a wolf, I would advise you to run for your lives. But there is no danger here, except from the wild beasts inside of us."

"There isn't a wild beast inside of you, Cousin Grace?"

"I don't know about that," she answered, smiling. "I'm afraid that if you lived with me you would hear them growl sometimes."

"I don't believe a word of it," cried Benny Long, and his doubt was echoed by many voices.

"Fear," said Cousin Grace, who wished the lesson of the grasshopper and the snake to abide in the hearts of the children, "is in most cases a weak and foolish sentiment, born, as I have just told you, of ignorance. If Charley had known that it was a harmless grasshopper that lit on his hand, do you think he would have been afraid? Not he. Nor would you have screamed in terror at sight of a little green snake if you had known it had no poison fang, and would not bite you."

"Oh my!" cried out one of the children at this moment, in a startled voice, running back to the little group, from which she had gone to pick some wild flowers that grew in a fence corner. "See! See!" and she pointed to a speckled tortoise that, with head pushed up from its shell, and looking

just like the head of a snake, was moving out from the fence into the road.

"A tortoise! A tortoise!" exclaimed the children, gathering about the clumsy animal, some curious, and some half afraid, for most of them were city children, and not familiar with country things.

Cousin Grace stooped down and touched the tortoise on its back. Instantly the animal began to draw in its head and legs, and in a few moments nothing but its hard shell was to be seen. Then she took it up in her hands and showed it to the children.

"Won't it open and bite?" asked Charley Wilson, as Cousin Grace reached out the tortoise toward him.

"No. The shell is its castle, into which it has retired for safety. You may handle it as much as you please. It will not open until you have laid in on the ground, and then not for a good while—
not until it is sure its enemies have gone away."

"But we are not its enemies," said Alice Green. "We won't hurt it."

"The tortoise don't know that."

"Oh, then it's afraid because it is ignorant, just as we were about the garter snake?"

"Yes; only with this difference—that we can learn, if we will, all about hurtful and harmless things, and so cease to be afraid of things harmless. But the tortoise is always on guard, always goes into its castle for safety on the approach of apparent danger."

"Wouldn't it be nice to live in the woods, and not be afraid of anything?" said Alice Green—"to be all day with the birds and the squirrels?"

"And the alligators and hyenas," said Benny Long, growling as he spoke.

The warm glow went from the face of Alice as Benny said this. She had not thought of evil beasts, only of things lovely and innocent.

"You need not have said that, Benny Long," she answered, reproachfully. "There are no hyenas nor alligators in the woods about here. They're only in bad people's hearts, as Cousin Grace says."

"Shall I tell you a story about a little boy and girl that got lost in the woods?" said Cousin Grace.

"Oh, yes, do! do!" and all the children gathered about her.

"Very well. Come. I know where to find a cool and mossy place by a pretty stream. We'll all go there, and then I'll tell you the story."

And Grace took the children through a pleasant piece of woods, and down into a cool, shadowed little valley at the bottom of which ran a stream of water. They saw a ground squirrel on the way, and two or three shining lizards, and a red bird that looked like a fiery coal among the trees. In the stream were tiny fishes and little green frogs, and at one place, where the water spread out into a quiet pool, small black bugs were swimming about on the surface, and gliding as smoothly and swiftly over it as skaters on the ice.

How cool and still it was! You heard only the low murmur of water, as the stream fell here and there over tiny cascades, or the chirp of insects.

The wind did not come down there to sigh among the trees or shake their leafy branches.

"This is the spot," said Cousin Grace, as she led the children into a fairy-looking place where the moss made a thick green carpet and the bushes circled round like a hedge.

"Nobody can find us here," said Charley Wilson, as he threw himself on the soft ground.

"Can you find the way back?" asked Alice Green, looking up at Cousin Grace with a shade of disquietude in her blue eyes.

"Oh, yes, dear! I've been here a hundred times, and know the way."

"And now for the story," cried Benny.

"Oh, yes—about a little boy and girl who were lost in the woods. I read it in a book ever so long ago," said Cousin Grace. And she told the children this story:

"There was once a little boy and girl who got lost in a thick, dark wood in which were fierce wild beasts. They were brother and sister, and their names were Edward and Ellen. Playing near their father's house one day, Edward said, 'Come, sister, let us go across the field into the woods yonder and gather some pretty flowers for mamma.'

"Ellen was pleased at the thought of getting for her dear mamma a bunch of flowers, and so she said, 'Oh, yes, brother; let us go.'

"So this little boy and girl went across the field and into the woods, where they wandered about, gathering a great many bright wild flowers. When their hands were full, Ellen said, 'Now, brother, let us go home.'

"They took hold of each other's hands and started, as they thought, toward their home, but I am sorry to say they went away from instead of toward their home, and soon found that they were lost in a thick, dark wood. Poor Ellen began to cry. Edward put his arm around her, saying, 'Don't cry, sister; we will find our way home.'

"Oh, no, Edward," she said, 'we are lost in the woods, and it will soon be dark. Oh, we shall be eaten up by wolves.'

"The wolves will not eat us up," replied the brave-hearted little boy, 'so don't cry, sister.'

"Oh, yes, I am sure they will.'

"Don't be afraid. I know they won't hurt us. Wolves are wicked animals, but if we pray to God to take care of us, He will not let the wolves hurt us.'

"Oh, let us pray, then," said Ellen. And, all alone in the forest, this dear little boy and his sister knelt down and prayed that God would keep the wicked wolves from hurting them.

"After they had prayed Ellen's tears dried up, and she took hold of Edward's arm and clung close to his side. Just then a deep growl sounded through the forest, and presently they saw a large gray wolf coming fiercely toward them.

The children dropped upon their knees, and Edward said aloud, 'Our Father in Heaven, keep the wolves from hurting us.'

"They had no sooner prayed that prayer than the wolf stopped right still for a minute or two, and then ran off another way.

"They were very much frightened and trem-

bled all over. Ellen said, 'God has made the wicked wolf go away—He will not let him hurt us. Oh, I wish He would show us the way home. It is getting so dark.'

"Let us ask Him to show us the way home," said Edward.

"Again the lost children knelt down and prayed. They were still on their knees when they heard, afar off, the sound of their father's voice calling them. Oh, how their little hearts jumped for joy! They sprang up, and ran as fast as they could in the direction from which the sound came. In a little while they were in their father's arms crying for joy."

"I am so glad," exclaimed Alice Green, "God wouldn't let the wicked wolf eat them up."

"No. He kept them from all harm. And if you will be good and pray to Him, He will protect you in every danger."

"Don't you know any more stories about lost children, dear Cousin Grace?" asked Benny.

"Shall I tell you about the children of men, who were once lost in the wilderness of sin?"

"Oh, yes, do, Cousin Grace. But who were the children of men?"

"All the people in the world are called the children of men."

"And were all the people in the world once lost?"

"Yes, all mankind were once lost, and about to be destroyed by hungry wolves, but the Lord saved them and brought them out of the wilderness."

"Won't you tell us all about it?"

"Yes, if you will listen very attentively. I do not mean that all the children of men were lost in just such a wood as Edward and Ellen were lost in, nor that they were in danger of being eaten up by such wolves as threatened to eat up this dear little boy and girl."

"What kind of wolves were they?" asked the children.

"They were such things in their hearts as are like wolves and evil and hurtful beasts—wicked passions. But let me tell you all about it. The Lord made men innocent and good. All things around them were as beautiful as the fairest garden you have ever seen. In their hearts dwelt only those good feelings which are like lambs and doves and all good animals. They were very happy, and angels were their companions."

"But after awhile the children of men began to forget the good Lord who made them and gave them every blessing they enjoyed. At the same time that they forgot God they forgot to love one another. The innocent lambs began to die in their bosoms, and evil beasts of prey to take their place. They hated instead of loving one another. Then war, dreadful war, first appeared on the earth. Men not only hated but sought to kill each other. Wicked spirits possessed their soul and body. They were as if lost in a great wilderness, and about to be destroyed by the wild beasts that were in their hearts."

"It was then that the Lord came and saved them. He drove out the evil spirits and cruel beasts, and led the lost children of men out of this

dark and fearful wilderness. It was Jesus Christ, of whom you read in the New Testament, the Lord of heaven and earth, who did this. When you are older, and can understand better, you will learn more about the lost children of men and the good Lord who saved them."

The children sat silent for a good while after Cousin Grace finished the story.

"You don't think there are any wolves about here?" asked little Alice Green. Her sweet face was a little pale.

"No, darling. There hasn't been a wolf in this region for a hundred years," replied Cousin Grace, "nor any wild animals that would do us harm, except such as are in our hearts."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of them," cried Benny Long.

"You would be, I'm thinking, if you'd ever heard them growl and gnash their teeth as I have," answered Cousin Grace. "Once I was down to Concord with father, and we had to put up at a tavern. There were a good many idle men about the house, drinking at the bar and talking loud, and some of them using wicked language. It made me feel dreadfully. Then two of them got into a quarrel, and their angry voices sounded to me just like the growls and cries of wild animals. Oh, how frightened I was! At last one of them struck the other, and then they fought like bears or wolves. Father said they were two men-wolves, and, while angry, more cruel than any beast. They tried to do each other all the harm in their power, and one of them might have been killed if the people hadn't dragged them apart just as you have seen fighting dogs pulled away from each other."

"It is among men, children," continued Cousin Grace, "that we are to be afraid of cruel beasts, not out here in the quiet woods. And I want you to remember that every angry, revengeful or cruel feeling that springs up in your hearts is a young wild beast that may grow into a wolf, or bear, or cunning fox, and not only destroy all the kind, gentle and loving things in your souls, but make you delight in being cruel to others."

"I never thought of that before," said one of the children. "And I guess it must be true. Once I saw Dick Conway knock his sister's playhouse over, when she flew at him like a cat and scratched his face with her nails as if they had been claws."

"And I," spoke up another, "saw Harry George bite his brother until the blood came out of his hand, just as if he had been a dog, and he growled like our Snap. It frightened me."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Benny Long; "I'm afraid I've got lots of 'em inside of me."

"Why, Benny, what makes you think so?" said Cousin Grace.

"When I get mad," went on Benny, "I feel just like biting and kicking, and I don't know what I mightn't do if I wasn't afraid."

All the children were silent for awhile, and little Alice Green looked half timidly at Benny Long.

"The knowledge of our fault, it has been said, is half the cure," spoke out Cousin Grace, in a cheery voice. "We shall be wiser and stronger, I am sure, for our talk here in this pleasant place,

where we are really safer from harm than when in the midst of people. No evil beasts are here—nothing to do us harm. We are in peace and safety. But when we go back to our homes we must be on guard and watchful—watchful lest bad feelings get into our hearts, and hurt the innocent things there; watchful lest we do harm to others; and on guard lest others do harm to us; watchful lest the young bears, and wolves, and tigers that are in our hearts grow up into fierce and cruel animals, and destroy the good and gentle ones that are there."

"But, Cousin Grace," said Charley Wilson, "you don't think we've all got young bears and tigers in our hearts, do you?"

"I'm afraid, Charley, that most of us have," answered Cousin Grace. "Let us see how it is. You've been angry, haven't you, Charley?"

"Oh, yes, I get mad pretty often."

"And strike sometimes?"

"I don't often do that," answered Charley.

"But you feel like it?" said Cousin Grace.

"Well, yes."

"That is, you feel as if you would like to strike, and hurt, too?"

"Yes."

"That wasn't a lamb-like feeling, was it?"

"I guess not," replied Charley.

"No, a lamb is innocent and harmless. It was a bad and not a good feeling, and these bad feelings are the wild beasts in our hearts. We all have them, and so must be watchful lest they do us and others harm."

Then Cousin Grace talked to them of flowers and birds, and the many beautiful and good things that are seen everywhere, and of God who made them. And when they went home, the children said that they had never spent a happier day in all their lives than the one spent in the woods and fields with Cousin Grace, who knew just how to talk to them, and was so wise, so kind and so good.

The Home Circle.

FROM MY WINDOW.

BY LICHEN.

NO, it is not a pleasant scene to look out upon this time, though my weary aching eyes often turn that way seeking for something to interest.

The scorching rays of the summer sun beat down pitilessly upon the dry thirsty ground until it seems baked as in a furnace. The very atmosphere looks hazy in the distance, as if the sky were on fire, and the smoke creeping slowly down to earth. The beautiful summer foliage hangs drooping and listless, and every living thing in nature seems suffering. The bird songs are all hushed, and the pleasant rustle and murmur of June breezes is no longer heard amongst the tree-tops. All is still, hot and dry, without, while a blue fly buzzes around the room, almost crazing me with its monotonous hum. In the front yard the grass looks yellow and sere, and the flowers are scorched and withered. Only the Marigolds turn their stiff yellow disks upward toward the burning sky, and under their few scant leaves the grass-hopper sits and drones through the long afternoon. Oh! for one breath of cool breeze on my cheek! for one drink of the cold spring water that use to rush over the rocks under the old gum tree, and hurry away through the meadow, among the primroses and under the wild rose-bushes, in a spot far away! Oh, for a shower of rain, or even a passing cloud, to break up this still, dull heat—this blinding glare!

You wonder where is my philosophy, now—my resolution about looking at the bright side of things. Ah, how well we can talk of the duty of cheerfulness, the advantage of a bright spirit over a gloomy one, when we feel comfortable and contented. Now I am weary, weary! and I do not hold to be so much superior to human nature in

general, as not to succumb sometimes under the pressure of outward circumstances. I am weary even of my thoughts, which, when I take them off of present bodily discomforts, turn quickly to sad reflections. How can one have only bright thoughts and fancies, on days when ever and anon memory stands before them with mournful eyes, and lifts the curtain which veils the past, revealing pictures which draw the soul towards them in tender longing, despite their pain.

I have been trying to while away some of the tedium of these days, by reading a new book, a novel called "Wildmoor." It is a girl's first book, rather oddly written, in the form of diaries kept by two persons, a style which spoils it a little, but there is such power and force shown in some portions of it, such freshness and grace of expression in others, that I think if she can write in this way now, when a girl, what may she not do in the future? The book has its faults, of course, but it has excellencies which overbalance them. It is not a story of very thrilling interest, but there is a pure healthy tone about its pages, and an evidence of mature thought and intellect, without any pedantry; and while there are a few striking scenes portrayed, it is a pleasure to note the absence of the sensational element as a main ingredient of the book. There are occasional tender touches, which will speak to many an appreciative heart. In one place where I have been reading to-day, her thoughts come in as a fitting refrain to some of my own. While speaking of death, she says—"Yet I think Him tender towards the young. He gathers them closely to his bosom, and bears them away to a land where they never lose youth or freshness, or romance. Their feet have never been weary with travel; their hands have never been hardened by toil; their hearts have never known the bitterness of sorrow or breaking. Oh! happy, happy youth and beauty! to be plucked from a

garden on a morn when dew is yet spangling the blossoms, and the grass is green and waving! to be plucked from the garden before comes the noon-day sun to scorch and wither your fragrance, before falls the rain in pitiless cadence upon the sweetness of your dreams." And farther on she continues, "I do not think we lose those who die. They go from us in a strong, a brave love; that love lasts forever, and no time can darken it; the grave cannot shut it in, nor can eternity float it away. We have it with us through all change, sorrow and death. Thank God that it is thus!" Yes, thank Him most earnestly; when, looking back at the pain and sorrow which some of our later years have brought us, we can feel that dear ones whose feet walked with ours through the freshness of life's morning, have escaped the blighting trials of its later hours.

I rarely think, as so many do, that it is *hard* for such or such an one to have died young, while they were perhaps enjoying life so much. I feel that they are blest to have gone before they might have felt its crushing sorrows; and that happy as they may have been here, what was *that* happiness when compared with the bliss of the other life above—that life of which the happiest one here can only be a faint reflex.

The clock has dragged its hands along until they nearly reach the hour of six, while I have been wandering on in my talk, trying, if possible, by that means, to forget bodily discomfort. But the heat now seems intensified—the air more sultry and oppressive than ever. I wonder what was that faint rumbling sound I heard a few moments ago. A table, perhaps, or chair, drawn across the floor in another room. Ah, me! No, that is it again; surely it must be thunder! All eyes are on the alert for the cloud not yet visible. Only a little gray tinge appears in the far southern horizon. But soon it spreads, grows darker, reaches toward the zenith, and overshadows the sun. Nearer and louder rolls of thunder, plainly distinguishable now, echo over the hills, and dark billows of cloud loom up in the western sky. A sudden breeze rushes past and is gone. Another and another quickly follow, rising at length into an exulting wind, which sways the tree-branches, flings the door and shutters too, swoops in at the window and catches triumphantly the loose papers and work lying within its reach. The thunder comes still nearer and louder, while its brilliant courier lights up the sky. The wind increases in strength, and small twigs and dead leaves and rubbish go flying past. Suddenly a blinding flash rends the dark mass of cloud overhead, then a heavy peal of artillery re-echoes from cliff to cliff, and the storm is upon us in its height. Oh, how grand! how sublime in its fury! How it stirs one's soul to watch it! What atoms we seem in the universe, when we see the power and might of one element of nature. I always loved to watch a storm. It thrills me with such admiring awe. There is one grand passage in the Psalms which ever comes to my mind in such a scene: "The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon." Yet the

voice of the Lord stills the raging tempest whenever He will, and says to the waves, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther;" and safe in the hollow of His hand we lie.

Soon the wind subsides, and the rain falls steadily down upon the thirsty earth, which drinks it in till all its veins are filled with new life-blood, and the surplus water rushes down the road in little rills, to meet the swelling brook which hurries on toward the river. Gradually the rain decreases, until it ends ere long in a gentle shower. Oh, how refreshing the air is now! How cool everything looks. The leaves are all dripping and shining, the flower-stalks lift their drooping heads and look grateful for their bath. An oriole comes out from his shelter in the heart of a pear-tree, hops about in the branches, shakes the bright drops from his wings, and carols out his joyful little song. What a complete revulsion of feeling a sudden change in our mere outward surroundings will often make. Two hours ago my spirits were depressed, weary, listless; now they rise buoyantly above such a state and rejoice with every living thing without. And while the mocking-bird trills his even-song close by, and the swallows circle overhead, I sit in the porch in the faint sunset glow, and look and listen to dear Mother Nature, drinking in her wondrous beauty, while a sweet peace creeps into my heart again, as through her my thoughts are raised upward to her divine Author, Co-worker and Ruler.

"The forest tops are lowly cast,
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
On nature, as on men.

"The clouds weep o'er a fallen world,
E'en as a repentant love,
Ere to the blessed breeze unfurled,
They fade in light above.

"The sky is as a temple's arch;
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer."

SHELL-WORK.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: Angie asks how to make shells stick on frames and what-nots. As we have just completed a lot of shell-work, I can give her the desired information. Have your frames made of rough boards; cover the surface with white lead in which you have stirred enough venetian red to make it a deep pink color. Never use seeds in such work as they will get full of worms. If you wish a nice ornament for the bureau or centre-table, make a monument and cover with shells. I have just completed one which is the admiration of all who see it. It is made of rough pine boards; is three feet high, eight inches square at the base, and two inches at the top. For the base take a board one inch thick and a foot square; nail it on the bottom of your monument, then take a piece of inch board three inches wide cut the right length, put it around the base on the bottom board, on that put another two inches wide, on that another one inch wide; this

makes the base in the form of a pyramid. For a cap on the top take a piece of board half an inch thick and four inches square. The lead should be as thick as you can spread it. Varnish the shells after they have been on a few days.

MRS. C. L. R.

A LETTER FROM "HAZEL."

MR. EDITOR: I want to thank you for the pleasure I have derived from reading your magazine, and tell you I have been benefited so much by what Pipesey and Chatty tell about their household affairs, because I have only kept house a little over three years, and find I have so much to learn that I can learn from the HOME. I take great interest in reading everything written to mothers, as I have a little two-year-old son, who, though generally very good will need managing as well as all other children. When I saw "Angier" request that some one should tell her how to make shells and seeds stay on what-nots and frames, I thought if I could add my mite to the fund of general information, it would partly repay what I have received.

Last summer I made a beautiful set of hanging-shelves; but I put on no seeds, because I have been told that after awhile insects would get into them. I had all sorts of shells, cones, nuts and acorns, and sewed them on with strong cotton thread. I think they are much prettier sewed on, as all spaces can be filled by putting on the large articles first, and filling in with the small ones. Now that I have commenced, I will tell just how I went to work, so if there are any of less experience than I, they may be assisted. I drilled holes in the shells, which had been boiled in strong lye to whiten. Although I used a needle for the small and scissors for the large ones, I think a fine, sharp-pointed awl would be better. I cut the leaves from fir cones and sewed a couple of rows all around the edge, with the points projecting outward, lapping the second row enough to cover the stitches and dark part of the first; then I sewed on three or four rows of small tanarae cones to finish the border. These look nicer to stand erect, and can be made to do so by putting the thread over the two lowest leaves instead of sewing through the cone. I had some large fir cones sawed into lengthwise; cut the top from those of the Norway pine to use for rosettes; such nuts as English and black walnuts, butternuts, brazile, etc., I split into and drilled holes in them.

I have an excellent recipe for summer mince pies, which perhaps will be acceptable to some of your readers. Seven crackers rolled; one cup of raisins chopped fine; one-half cup of whole raisons; one cup of sugar; one cup of molasses; two cups of hot water; one and one-half cups of butter; two-thirds cup of vinegar; two teaspoons of cinnamon; one teaspoon of cloves.

I had almost forgotten to thank Pipesey (how does the dear old soul know so much?) for the floating island recipe; and how ungrateful that would have been, when we had watched every paper and magazine for weeks for it, and as soon as yours came we made one, and it was delicious.

HAZEL.

THE POND-LILY.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"POND-LILIES—cent a-piece—six for five cents!"

A "barefoot boy," another and another rang the cry in our ears, just as we had located ourselves comfortably in the cars, a party of five, for an hour's ride, afterward to take the boat for Nantasket. The morning was clear and beautiful, yet warm enough to give an added zest to our anticipations of a seaside sojourn.

"I'll take half a dozen, my boy," said Aunt Patsy, kindly, as she put a shining bit in the brown palm—not dirty, however.

"The little chaps get a good bath, swimming out for the lilies," she said, smiling, when the boy was out of hearing; "they earn their cent a-piece, I'm sure. Now here's a lily all round, and one to spare," as she handed them. "Minnie, dear," putting two in the little girl's hand, "keep one and give the other away—to any one you think it will please."

Minnie thanked her, smiling, and looked thoughtfully around. But there seemed to be no chance just then; most of the ladies had bought lilies, and the children were supplied by their mothers; not one longing look was cast toward the pearly flowers.

"Never mind, dear," said Aunt Patsy, answering the inquiring look in her eyes; "wait a little."

At the next station, a few passengers left the train, and a dozen came crowding into their places; last of all, a woman with a baby in her arms—a thin, worn, poorly-clad, but tidy woman, with sad eyes and anxious brow. Had she been dressed in silk, some gentleman would have moved and given her his place. As it was, nobody saw her, or only to stare coldly and contemptuously in her face.

She came last of all, for a stout man, be-ringed, be-caned, fed-necktied, pushed past her as she entered the car. Aunt Patsy's cheek flushed, and her eyes sparkled with indignation. Just before her was a vacant place, the only one left. Quick as thought, she thumped her travelling-bag into it.

"That's engaged," she said in a low tone to us. "She shall not stand with a child in her arms while I'm on board, I know."

The stout man looked glum, hesitated, but met her firm eye and passed on, while she turned to the poor woman and said, as courteously as she would have spoken to a queen: "Take this seat, ma'am."

The mother sat down, with a hearty "Thank'ee, ma'am," and baby instantly espied the lilies.

"Da-da," he crowed, reaching his little hands toward them.

Minnie gave him one. He shouted and cooed with delight; and the tired, worried look on his mother's face changed a second time to one of grateful surprise as she thanked the little girl. To be sure, the baby pulled the flower to pieces, but it amused him till he grew tired enough to be easily lulled to sleep.

And Minnie knew not half the good it did. She could not read the thoughts that were passing in the mother's mind—thoughts that came like angels of comfort and hope. She did not know how

heavy a burden the weary woman had borne, how hard a lot was hers. The discouragement, and pain, and temptation that pressed sorely upon her were undreamed by the child to whom life as yet was all sunshine. But the pure white lilies, with their golden crown, carried back her thoughts to the home and pleasures of her childhood.

She sat with her arm around her baby, her head a little bowed, her eyes cast down; and Minnie, glancing toward her sometimes, thought she was asleep; but memory was unrolling before her mental vision scene after scene of other days. She saw again the blue lake rippling in the sunshine, the half-encircling woods, the hills beyond, and her only brother, her almost constant playmate, wading for the lilies near the shore, or with her rowing their little boat out on the shining waters. Well she remembered a day when he had twined the long, slender stems, and crowned her with the snowy blossoms. And as she mused, the desire to keep her childhood's innocence grew strong—to live purely, honestly, though the way had grown rough and thorny beneath her feet. She saw again the low-roofed home, with its rose-twined porch, and overshadowing elms, where the robins built and brooded; the "sunset window," where her mother used to sit in sight of the western sky. Ah, the glory had long since opened and let her in! Her words of love and truth came back again with the remembrance of her. She loved the lilies, and they used to gather them and carry them home to her. They had carried them to Sunday-school, too, in the old, happy time. And this recalled other thoughts more precious still—words she had learned there and by her mother's side; but, in the hard days that she had lived since, had been too nearly forgotten when needed most.

There was One on earth long ago who loved the lilies—who spoke of their beauty as more glorious than a king's crown, and said:

"If God so clothe the grass which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

"Seek not ye what ye shall eat, nor what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind: for your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

"But seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

She might be poor and sorrowful, yet not despairing. She would trust a Father's constant care, a Father's loving heart. If only she kept steadily the path leading to Him, the way of fidelity, trust and love, He would answer her prayer with strength and help in every hour of need.

And so, consoled and hopeful, she went on her way; and the angel that spoke to her in the desert was the lily in her baby's hand.

MR. ARTHUR: Please let me come into the "Home Circle" and tell "Angie" how to put shells and seeds on frames and what-nots so they will remain fast. I take soft putty and spread it on the frame, then set the shells in any form I desire; let them stand two days; then they will do to varnish, (use white varnish). I made some in this way four years ago, and the shells are as firmly set as when they were first placed in the putty. I make my own putty: Take Spanish whiting and boiled linseed oil, mix together with your hands till all the lumps are mashed; use oil enough to make it as soft as you can handle it. Oil the frame before putting on the putty.

ALICE.

Housekeepers' Department.

HOUSEWORK.

BY MRS. MARY E. IRELAND.

I REMEMBER reading some time ago of a weary housewife, who, through the medium of the press, asked a lady, eminent for her writings on household subjects, whether it were possible for a woman in feeble health, with no means to hire help, and a husband and six little children to do for, to keep everything in perfect order in and about her house; and the answer came, keen and cutting as the north wind, that she did not see how the work in question was to be done unless everything was kept in order.

Then followed a lengthy homily upon the manner in which the work should be done, in order to make it practicable, the substance of which was, that every cooking utensil should be washed as soon as used, a regular system adopted and adhered to, a place for everything and everything in its place.

This advice, applied to the majority of cases, was true and excellent, and yet to the poor woman, who showed by asking the question she was worried

enough, it must have felt like a shower-bath in December.

Theory is an angular, uncompromising rule for action, and will not adapt itself to circumstances; had the adviser been a wife and mother in the position of her questioner, instead of a maiden lady, with wealth at her command, I doubt if her opinion would have been the same. I know it is difficult for those who enjoy the mountain top of wealth and leisure to enter into the needs of the poor toilers in the valleys below; and they can even censure, and proclaim how they would do if placed in such circumstances; but let them descend but for one weary summer and take the heat and burden of the day, and perhaps they could manage but little better than those they condemn.

It is so easy to be cheerful and genial, when one is always fresh and rested, and the time passed flitting from one pleasure to another, that one would suppose she might have infused a little sympathy into her answer that would have soothed while it benefited.

I do not take upon myself to say how she should

have answered, but will humbly suggest that, had the question been asked me, I *could* have said: "Yes, you poor soul, of course you can; and while you are about it, squeeze in enough time to have your sewing and other matters done ahead of time, to make it easier for the other woman, be she wife or housekeeper, who will have to take your place, for by this manner of doing your time with home, and husband, and children will not be long." But I *would* have said: "Do not try it, dear heart, for it is impossible under such circumstances; therefore, do what must be done as well as your strength will allow, and leave the rest undone, and hope for better times."

The work that a neat, industrious woman accomplishes does not worry or fret her so much as the work she sees ought to be done, and which she has neither time nor strength to accomplish; and she is a true heroine who can bear with equanimity the inevitable, and submit patiently to circumstances; the real martyr spirit is there, though perhaps none but the All-wise One take cognizance of it, or gives credit for it.

Blessed be housework! Nothing strengthens the muscles, gives us such variety, bestows upon us refreshing sleep, good appetite and cheerful spirits, like it, but we must not overdo the business and break ourselves down; neither can we overtax ourselves in any occupation and keep our health; we must know our strength, and exert it only as far as we can without injury at the time, and our strength will increase with the exertion.

A woman oppressed with work is apt to think too much about it—her mind, from running so constantly in the one channel, becomes almost incapable of thinking on any other subject. One should strive against this, for where it becomes a habit, I think it stands to reason it is injurious.

I knew a lady once who, though industrious and not averse to housework, allowed it to worry her; she thought of it all the time. She took sick, and in her delirium kept repeating constantly, "One, two, three, four." Physicians, friends and neighbors were puzzled by it; but the mystery was solved by a little bound girl who lived with her; she said, there being four in the family, when the lady took the plates from the cupboard to set the table for meals, she would count, "One, two, three, four;" and so with the cups and saucers, the knives and forks, and all that four people would require, the mystic figures were stamped upon her brain, and became the burden of her wandering.

Just enough of thinking to enable one to plan the easiest and most expeditious method to accomplish what one has in hand, is all that should be allowed. And it is just here that I would suggest that picking up a book or paper for a few moments, even during our busiest days, is beneficial, it serves to relax the mind for a season and give it food for thought.

One great desideratum with housekeepers so situated is to rest whenever they see the glimpse of an opportunity. If they are preparing vegetables, fruit, etc., why not sit down to pare them? They can be done just as well, with not half the weariness. And ironing, that most exhausting of all household labors when one stands, can be

robbed of a great deal of its weariness by having a high seat made for a low table, so that the elbows should be several inches above the level, and thus prevent the strain from coming upon the breast.

Mothers whose rest is disturbed at night by a fretful infant, should make it a paramount duty to rest during the day; the benefit they will derive from it will not allow the work to suffer, and they will never find the time unless they take it. The law of public opinion is so strong with many a woman, she will not lie down during the day while baby is sleeping, fearing a neighbor should step in and miss her from her post, and "not sick, either;" so this keeps her toiling, dragging about with weary footsteps; and by the time all is done, baby wakes, and her time for rest is past, and, cheerless and unrefreshed, she sets about preparing another meal; and so on it goes, until a sick-bed receives her to give her that rest she could not take time for while well, if rest it can be called, which, while one set of nerves and muscles are not in motion, others are doing double duty, seeing strange and perhaps unaccustomed hands letting everything go by the board.

We are all aware that system is a great consideration in housekeeping; but a system that applies to one household may not do for another. There must be some latitude allowed a delicate mother of six healthy, boisterous, rollicking children, or, what requires still more charity, where some of them are delicate, and consequently require more care. Is there no "let up" for mothers so situated? Must the "pound of flesh" be required of them, even if their lives are jeopardized by the requirement? System is a good thing—an excellent thing; but let it be fixed upon a pivot loose enough to turn should circumstances demand it, for a home that moves along without a hitch now and then is one of the things we read of, and is seldom seen outside of a book, for,

"In March it is mud, it's slush in December,
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust,
In fall the leaves litter, in mucky September
The wall-paper rots and the candlesticks rust."

And if it were possible to have a home cut out of a rigidly systematic pattern, what an ice-house of a place it would be, nothing to relieve the monotony, children barely tolerated, no visitors expected or wanted, because it would drive the household out of its beaten track, no visits to look forward to or enjoy, nothing short of the house burning down with the tubs in it to put off the Monday's washing until another day, going roughshod over headaches, lazy spells, etc., keeping every member of it on the rack to live up to its requirements. Dear, dear, one might as well be in the stocks at once as in a family presided over by a rigid disciplinarian!

Oh, no, home should be a place of freedom for all its members, and repose also, as far as practicable, and encouragement should be given the feeble mother of young children to obtain all the rest she can, and endeavor to keep her back from the tomb to which she is hastening with rapid feet losing her invaluable life in vain efforts to attain that perfection of cleanliness which, to one placed as she is, is unattainable.

Evenings with the Poets.

SONNETS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

I.

INTO thine eyes, as in a lake profound,
I gaze, and in their depths revealed are
All things to quiet the relentless war
That doth my wearied spirit rage around!
The idle world's contempt and scorn, which hound
Me from all common human haunts afar,
I heed them not, when, like a molten star,
In those clear deeps sweet wifely love I've found!
O tender, steadfast eyes, so warm, so true,
Wherein I read thy soul's full revelation!
O fond, compassionate eyes, that with the dew
Of sympathy so tremulously shine!
Sweet dew! thy spirit's gathered exhalation!
And my faint soul's so strength-inspiring wine!

II.

Dear patient wife! Each wayward thought of mine,
Seeks still in thee its central sun of all,
Obedient, though so wilful, to the call
Of the abiding love thou dost enshrine.
O none in this wide world is so divine
As seemest thou to me, whilst o'er thee fall
Thy gift of veiling graces, which enthrall
My heart, wherein thou dost its sole light shine!
O darling! whate'er weakness I may show,
Thine ever am I—thine, sweet heart, alone!
While thou art mine, no sorrow can I know!
In thy dear smile, the iciest blast e'er blown
Shall feel its keen edge dull'd; this life below
Thou mak'st for me the footstool of God's throne!

WATCHING FOR FATHER.

BY C. H. W.

THERE'S a little face at the window
And two dimpled hands on the pane;
And somebody's eyes are fixed upon
The gate at the end of the lane.

The hills have caught the shadow
Which heralds the coming night,
And the lane, with its flowery fringe grows dim
To the watcher's anxious sight.

Where, half way down,
Like a glittering crown,
A fire-fly band have clustered
Round an aster's leaf—
A royal chief—
A driven herd are mustered.

Away behind,
With busy mind,
But a step that is light and free,
And a sun-burnt face
On which the trace
Of a hard day's work you see,

Comes the farmer home from toll,
Driving the cows before him;
And the child-eyes, strained at the window there,
Were the first in the house that saw him,

Ah! would, when the day is done
And I leave my cares behind me,
I could have such a pair of winsome eyes
Searching the night to find me!

Evening Post.

JERUSALEM, THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY REV. M. L. HOFFORD.

JERUSALEM, the beautiful!
Its glories are unfold,
Its walls are built of precious stones,
Its pavements made of gold;
Its mansions for the ransomed ones
In matchless splendor shine,
Jerusalem, the beautiful!
Jerusalem, divine.

Jerusalem, the beautiful!
Its gates of pearly white,
To voice of prayer and song of praise,
Are open day and night;
And shining ones around the throne
In sweeter rapture sing,
Jerusalem, the beautiful!
When saints their tribute bring.

Jerusalem, the beautiful!
From thy celestial throng
Familiar voices reach mine ear,
Enraptured in thy song;
And, oh, it were transporting,
To soar aloft and see
Jerusalem, the beautiful!
And join thy jubilee.

Jerusalem, the beautiful!
My everlasting rest!
The glorious home of mine abode,
The city of the blest;
Thy temple is the living one,
Thy light is all divine,
Jerusalem, the beautiful!
I love to call thee mine.

WHEN THE SONG'S GONE OUT OF YOUR LIFE.

"When the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's n-ringing in your ears, but it's best to have a bit of silence, and out o' that maybe a psalm 'll come by and by."—EDWARD GARRETT.

WHEN the song's gone out of your life,
That you thought would last to the end—
That first sweet song of the heart
That no after days can lend—
The song of the birds to the trees,
The song of the wind to the flowers,
The song that the heart sings low to itself
When it wakes in life's morning hours!

"You can start no other song."
Not even a tremulous note
Will falter forth on the empty air;
It dies in your aching throat.
It is all in vain that you try,
For the spirit of song has fled—
The nightingale sings no more to the rose
When the beautiful flower is dead.

So let silence softly fall
On the bruised heart's quivering strings;
Perhaps from the loss of all you may learn
The song that the seraph sings;
A grand and glorious psalm
That will tremble, and rise, and thrill,
And fill your breast with its grateful rest,
And its lonely yearnings still.

Boston Transcript.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

DRESS skirts are gradually approaching the scantiness which was predicted for them a year ago. Already those who would be in the extreme of the fashion wear them perfectly plain at the front and sides, while all the fullness is draped at the back. They are made far plainer than they were a few seasons ago, the age of ruffles, bands, flounces, etc., being seemingly almost past.

The most favored style of overskirt is one with a long apron front, draped high in the back, and finished by

bows and sash behind. Sometimes the apron front is simulated by small pointed flounces on the front breadth, while the back breadth is laid in deep plaits which extend from the waist to the lower edge of the skirt, representing a long, broad sash.

It is yet too early in the season to think of fall goods in earnest, and it is yet difficult to tell what the styles of the present season will really be. But everything seems to indicate that plainness almost to severity will soon be the rule, and that unbroken lines reaching from waist to foot will be demanded by fashion.

New Publications.

A Century Afterwards. Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. Part II. Allen, Lane & Scott and J. W. Lauderbach, Philadelphia. The second part of this splendid work more than maintains the lavish promise of the first. The artists are still lingering in our magnificent Park, and giving us more of its charming views. Some of these from the Wissahickon are exquisite, and in their wildness seem taken rather from untamed nature a hundred miles away, than from localities included within the corporate limits of a great and populous city. The work promises to be one of unsurpassed excellence. It will be completed in fifteen parts, at 50 cents each.

Our Children in Heaven. By Wm. H. Holcombe, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Dedicated to those who have been bereaved of their children. This is a new edition of a book which has been largely sold during the past few years, and from which thousands of sorrowing parents have gathered hope and comfort. The author writes from the standpoint of a receiver of Swedenborg's doctrines, and in this volume gives the state and condition of children in Heaven as drawn from Swedenborg's writings, and offers to the bereaved and sorrowing the cup of consolation from which he drank himself in a time of deep affliction. We make a single brief extract, with the preface that, according to Swedenborg, all infants when they die are committed to the care of female angels, who, when they lived upon the earth, most tenderly loved children. All the angels in Heaven, he says, once lived as men or women on this or some other earth:

"Children are assigned to these angel-mothers according to their interior character with unerring certainty. There is no guess-work, no failure, but perfect law and order, in the working of the social machinery of Heaven. Each child goes to the very guardian best fitted to develop its good, to suppress its evil, and to promote its eternal happiness. These heavenly beings have no partialities, no impatience, no imperfections. They receive and love all children alike. Whether the little spiritual body has been drawn from imperial purple or a beggar's rags, makes no difference. No earthly shadows of rank or form or circumstances obscure their perfect vision. They stand in the place of Christ Himself; receive His little ones in their arms; bless them in His name; and continually afterward carry out His will in their loving care and instruction.

"Compare this picture of the heavenly supervision of children with their state in this world; their bitter and cruel bondage; their neglect, their abuse, their suffering, their sickness, their death; or, what is far worse, the evil examples, the false teaching, the early corruption, which so soon stamp their little faces with the cunning and sensuality of older nature.

"O sorrowing parents! whose hearts still hang heavily, like drooping flowers, turning toward the dust and the grave; who regard these glorious revela-

tions with an almost total incredulity, or at best with a flutter of hope that they may be true; may that same guiding Star which led the wise men to the spot where the young child was, lead you also at last to the discovery of your lost ones amidst the opening heavens and the songs of angels.

"After your own resurrection and translation to the heavenly kingdom, when you can endure the splendors of the celestial sphere, and lift your eyes to the faces of these angel-mothers; when they restore to you your children—and such children!—and show you how they have loved them, and what they have done for them; in the bursting love and gratitude of your hearts you will fall at their feet and worship, as the bewildered Seer of Patmos fell at the feet of the angel who had showed him the wonders of the Apocalypse!"

Wood's Bible Animals. A Description of the Habits, Structure and Uses of every Living Creature mentioned in the Scriptures, from the Ape to the Coral. Illustrated with over One Hundred New Designs, by Keyl, Wood and E. A. Smith. Engraved by G. Pearson. By Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. R. S., Author of "Homes Without Hands," etc. To which are added Articles on Evolution by Rev. James McCosh, D. D., President of Princeton College, N. J., and Research and Travel in Bible Lands, by Rev. Daniel Marsh, D. D. Philadelphia: Bradley, Garretson & Co. It is not often the opportunity is afforded us of announcing so estimable a publication as this. To the student of the Bible, and to the natural historian, it is alike valuable, since it is written by a man thoroughly conversant with the facts of natural history, and one who is therefore enabled to make a volume like this profitable and instructive, as well as interesting. Every passage in the Old and New Testaments referring to beast, bird, reptile, fish or insect, is given in this volume, and its meaning explained, and the general habits of the creature described, as well as the special Bible references elucidated. The HOME MAGAZINE gives, in its present number, specimens of some of the fine engravings of the book, accompanied by quotations from the text. It is a handsome, large octavo volume, clearly printed and beautifully bound. The book is to be sold by subscription only.

Childhood: The Text-Book of the Age, for Parents, Pastors and Teachers and all Lovers of Childhood. By Rev. W. F. Crafts ("Uncle Will, V. M."), Author of "Through the Eye to the Heart," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Every grown person who comes in contact with children should read this book. Its author realizes, as few do, but as all should, the needs and capabilities of childhood, and he has made his work at once practical and suggestive. In its pages he refers to every phase of the child character, showing how good traits are to be encouraged and developed, and evil tendencies overcome. As a specimen of the

style and character of the book, we quote the different subjects treated in the sixth chapter under the general head of "Discoveries in the Child-Book:" "Cabinet of Specimens: 1st shelf—Instinct of Activity; 2d shelf—Instinct for Working the Soil; 3d shelf—Instinct of Invention and Imitation; 4th shelf—Rhythmic Instinct; 5th shelf—Instinct of Investigation; 6th shelf—Social Instinct; 7th shelf—Instinct of God-trust; 8th shelf—Crystals with 'Faults' and 'Knots.'"

The French at Home. By Albert Rhodes. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Dodd & Mead.

This is a lively, chatty book, giving pictures of the social, literary and art circles of the great centre of European civilization. They are pictures of Paris, however, rather than of France; and the reader must bear in mind that the life which surrounds the gay capital is altogether different in many respects from that found within its walls.

Mr. and Mrs. Falconbridge. By Hamilton Aide, Author of "Rita," etc. Boston: Loring. This is a pleasant novel of English life, belonging to Loring's Library of Select Novels.

Editor's Department.

OUR MAGAZINE FOR 1876.

WE are already busy, brain and hand, with our work for the new volume of the HOME MAGAZINE which is to commence with the great Centennial year.

MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

whose "RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON" was pronounced the best serial of the season, is engaged on a new story for the HOME, the first chapters of which will be given in the January number.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

by T. S. ARTHUR, will also be commenced with the new year. The reader's old friend and favorite,

PIPSISSIWAY POTTS,

has been engaged for another series of her unique and inimitable papers; and ROSELLA RICE will continue her "CABINS OF THE WEST."

So much we can say now. In the October number we hope to present a full Prospectus for 1876. We have crowded so many attractions into the HOME MAGAZINE for this year, that it seems almost impossible to improve it in the next; but we shall try. New efforts produce new excellencies; and we shall not fail for lack of these. The HOME for the "Centennial" will be worthy of the year.

Mr. Beecher.

THE long Brooklyn agony is over, and Mr. Beecher stands virtually acquitted of the charges brought against him. The men really hurt in this trial are his accusers, upon whom have fallen a weight of infamy that can never be wholly removed. For the plaintiff in the case, all true men and women feel only loathing and contempt.

As for the defendant, he has shown himself to be neither a wise nor a prudent man; but his accusers have failed to prove him a bad man. Until this accusation came, his life among the people was without reproach; and, beyond this accusation, there has not come in all the long and weary months of this trial a single sully breath upon his character. All the past lies clean and clear; and so his life of spotless purity and devotion to every good and noble cause stands out grandly in his favor, and of itself gives the lie to a foul slander that was conceived in envy and brought forth in malice.

The fact that Mr. Beecher never intermitted the work of his office of spiritual teacher and guide for a single day during the trial of his case, was often commented upon unfavorably, and there was a clamor for him to "step down and out." But if conscious in his heart of innocence, why should he let his hands fall idly and

weakly by his side, while his life-work was crowding upon him? To us, this unflinching onward movement of the man in the path of his allotted duties was a sublime spectacle and a sign of his innocence. If Mr. Beecher had been really guilty of the crime which he denied judicially, before God and the people, in the most solemn manner, he could not have ministered so calmly Sunday after Sunday in spiritual things, nor have offered to the members of his church, in the most holy act of worship, the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of Christ. For a man like Mr. Beecher, this would have been simply impossible. His spiritual nature is too highly organized and too sensitive to impressions. Guilt with such men will always have in it an element of self-betrayal; yet no one has seen in the public administrations of Mr. Beecher, from the beginning until now, a sign of faltering. He has always maintained the self-poise of conscious innocence.

It is gratifying to note that the best representatives of the press all over the country accept the results of this trial as a clear vindication of the maligned Brooklyn pastor.

Mourning for the Dead.

A WRITER in a late number of the *Christian Union* has some very sensible remarks on the subject of our modern funeral observances, as in singular contrast with the spirit and claims of a religious faith, which looks beyond this world into the next, and recognizes the fact of a blessed immortality, and instances the case of David, who, after his seven days of abandonment to the most extravagant grief for the loss of his child, arose and "washed and anointed himself, and changed his apparel and did eat."

Our funeral observances, and the set fashion of mourning, are, says this writer, "in as direct contrast with the manly resignation of the Hebrew king as they are in glaring contradiction to the professions we make of faith in the present happiness and continued existence of those dear ones taken from our sight. If we really believe that it is well with the child for whom the mother's arms are aching and empty, if we are not intoning with mere lip-service our 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,' why this ostentation of crape, of bowed windows and darkened chambers? Why do we shun the sunlight and avert our faces from all gladness, and hold ourselves disloyal to the dead if a smile or laugh steals upon us unawares? Either we do not really believe that our friends are happy, that we shall see them again, or we are hypocrites with this outward paraphernalia, this etiquette of sorrow.

"Why should we darken our houses? The sunshine is sent to purify, to resurrect; its mission is to stricken lives as well as to frost-bound fields. In the heavy hours, weighed down with the unnecessary gloom and circumstance of the customary funeral rites, surely we have need of all that can cheer, and warm, and inspire us. Worn out with watching, it may be, depressed with the care, the suffering, with all that has gone before, the mourning household is the one of all

others that should throw open its casements, should gladden itself with flowers and the comfort that twitters through the chirp of even the city sparrows.

"Some people seem to think they show tenderest memory of the dead by allowing despondency to develop into ill-health; they cultivate illness and weakness as a fine art of sorrowful remembrance. Robust health that waits on good appetite and accustomed exercise, that is springy of step and full of energy, is a reproach to them; it savors of disrespect. Could we but see that the truest and tenderest way of honoring our dear ones is to live our honest lives right on in the usual way, adding, if possible, to our work that which their tired hands lay down!

"We pay dearly for the etiquette which would keep us sitting in darkness when a sudden impulse comes to hear some music, see a bright picture, or visit a friend in whose voice and eyes we find both. 'But the impulse does not come to true mourners.' Ah, the heart beats humanly enough beneath the heaviest veil. Decorum teaches us to repress each impulse to the light, 'if it come too soon.' Shallow, indeed, is the loneliness and loss that can map out the months into districts of dress and behavior, and let in the sunshine and the world hand in hand by a computed time-table and registry of days."

Inebriate Asylum.

"IT is almost impossible to save a confirmed drunkard. You have got inebriate asylums sustained by the State—good places for men to board and be kept clear of drink for awhile; but three per cent. of the inmates of these institutions are not cured there. People are beginning to call them 'bummers' retreats,' because they come back, the same men, in three or six or twelve months, 'cured.' Look at the record and see if it is not so. It is almost impossible to save the drunkard. I tell you the conclusion I have come to within the last few years, after thirty-two years' experience and observation, when any drunkard comes to me I tell him plainly, 'You have but little power in and of yourself,' and I try to lead him to Him that is able to save to the uttermost, and then I have some hope of his deliverance, because God will help him."

So said Mr. Gough in a recent address, and the truth of his assertion all experience too sadly testifies. Inebriate asylums have, so far, utterly failed in the work of reform. But the Inebriate Reformatory Home works to a different result, as all our readers know who have read an article in the last number of this magazine giving a brief account of the "Franklin Reformatory Home" of Philadelphia. It is possible to save a confirmed drunkard, as the reports of this Christian institution abundantly show.

High Heels.

DR. WASHINGTON ATLEE, at a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, referred to the "delicate girl" of the period, and pointed out some of the causes at work in the destruction of her health. Among these, reference was made to the present style of high heels. "Her heel-mark," said the doctor, "is scarcely larger than the thumb-nail. Look at her shoe, with its narrow sole, a heel two inches high, shaved down nearly to a point, and placed almost under the instep. Instead of the points of support being on a level, the heel is tilted up two inches higher, the foot is crowded forward, the great toe is forced over the others. She is constantly walking down hill, and in health is going down hill all the time. All this forces her entire frame out of its proper line, and she is compelled, in order to maintain her perpendicular, to throw her hips back."

He contrasted the real and the fashionable woman, and thus accounted for many of her ailments. He urged a change in dress, that woman should no longer be thus travestied and injured by fashion. He alluded to the fearful increase in the use, by women, of tonics and stimulants, as partly the result of indisposition arising from her dress fashions, and urged, very emphatically, a reform.

The Moloch of Trade.

JOHN D. WRIGHT, president of the New York Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Children, intends to interfere in the cases of girls who are compelled by proprietors of stores to stand from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M. each day.

The cruelties that trade practises on those compelled through its means to earn their scanty food and clothing, are often very great, and thousands of young persons are made invalids through life, or hurried to early graves, in consequence. Greed of gain is very pitiless, and needs the surveillance of humane authority and its wholesome restraints. Mr. Wright is moving in one of the many needed directions. The very fact that he is doing so will cause hundreds of storekeepers who have heretofore exacted cruel and needless service from their clerks, to concede them a portion of rest during the long and weary days. No effort made in the direction of humanity is ever lost.

The Type-Writer.

A FEW months since we referred to a new invention called the type-writer, by means of which the mechanical process of writing is greatly facilitated. An experience of several months with the machine by one of the editors of our magazine, satisfies us that it is all that it is claimed to be, and something which every one who performs much labor with the pen will, in the course of time, come to consider as almost a necessity in that labor. What the sewing-machine has done for the sewing-woman, the type-writer will do for the author, editor, lawyer, and all who make constant or frequent use of the pen. We gave a brief description of the machine in our previous article; but one should see it to fully understand its simplicity, while it is so easy of operation that any child who knows its letters can use it.

Besides its labor-saving qualities, it offers other advantages to its possessor. By its use the author has an opportunity of seeing at once how his thoughts look "in print"—an obvious convenience, and a great consolation to disappointed authors.

The reader of this writing, or rather printing, is even more blessed, since he will not stumble over blind penmanship, but what the paper contains will be plainly revealed. If the author's manuscript goes into the waste-basket, it will be because of its demerits alone, and not because the editor cannot decipher the writing. If his article is published, the same author need not have his heart broken by outrageous typographical errors, yet fear to complain lest the blame be thrown back upon him for illegible writing.

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Mr. J. W. Bain, 838 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, is general agent for the "type-writer."

At a recent marriage of a young lady, the following good advice was given to the bride and her husband: "Never talk at but to each other. Never both maintain anger at the same time. Never speak loud or boisterously to each other. Never reproach each other in presence of others. Never find fault or fret about what cannot be helped. Never repeat an order or request when understood. Never make a remark at the other's expense. Neglect everybody else rather than each other."

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